

The Sketch

No. 675.—Vol. LII.

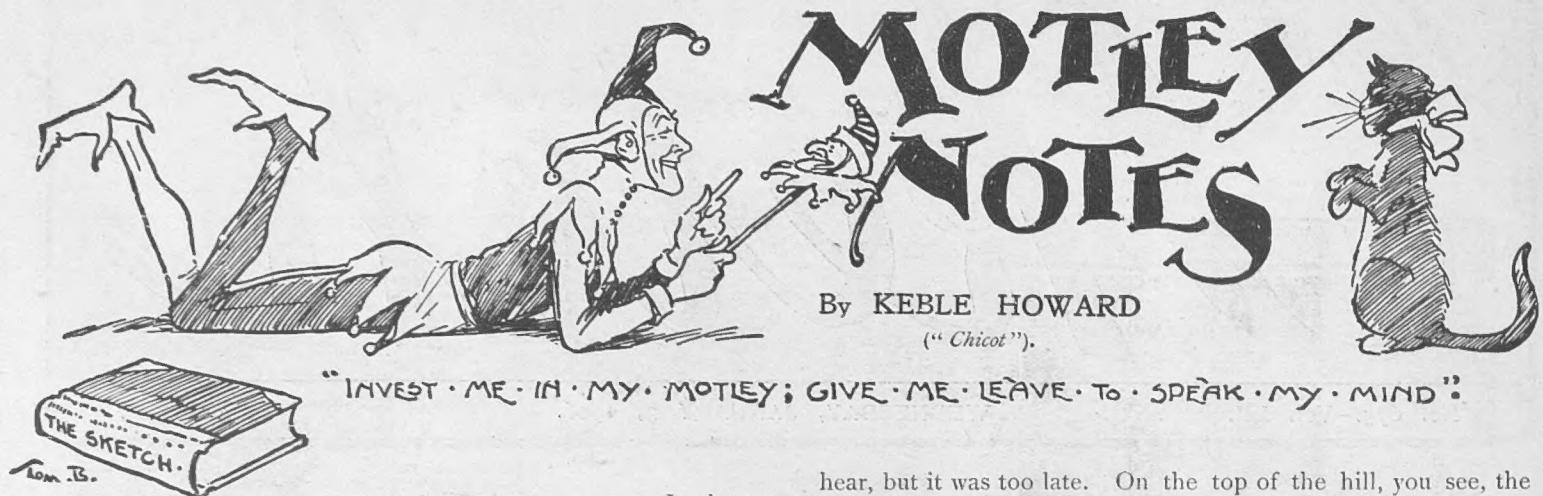
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS CAPTAIN DREW, R.N., IN "CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



By KEBBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

WELL, now that it is all over, friend the reader, now that all the toasts have been honoured, and the hands gripped, and the tips extorted, and the presents priced, and the bills sent in, and the puddings eaten, and the mince-pies shunned, and the holly and mistletoe taken down, and the waits anathematised, and the cards criticised, and the rich relations appeased, and the poor relations patronised, and the indigestion cured, and the resolutions broken, and the banker interviewed, and the iniquity of the income-tax proved beyond the possibility of refutation—now, I say, that it is all over, what is your final impression of the Festive Season? Did the Christmas bells ring in tune, or did they jar on your quivering nerves? Did you manage to keep it up, or did you, on the other hand, chuck up the sponge and declare that you were too old to enjoy Christmas any longer? Mind you, I don't think there is any harm in being quite candid about the matter when the New Year has been duly installed. The children, to whom Christmas belongs by right, have had their fun, and nothing that you like to say now will rob them of that. You may as well admit, therefore, that everything passed off rather better than you had anticipated, adding, by way of rider, that you are by no means prepared to celebrate another Christmas until you have enjoyed twelve months' rest.

For the first time in my life, I spent Christmas in London. Once I spent it in a seaside town, and all the other times in the heart of the country. I am not ashamed to confess, then, that this latest Christmas seemed less like the real thing to me than any I have ever known. True, I had a very good time, and many friends, both known and unknown—to all of whom I will take this opportunity of tendering my very sincere thanks—enabled me to adorn my room with charming little reminders. At the same time, I could not honestly recommend London as a Christmas resort. In the first place, everybody who can possibly manage it, goes away. That is not cheering. Then the closed shops, miles and miles of them, give the place the deadly depressing, end-of-the-world appearance that we have come to associate with Sunday. My club was closed on Christmas Day, and my favourite restaurant was closed on Christmas Eve. In connection with the latter, by the way, a drearily amusing thing happened. I had arranged with two friends to meet me there for dinner. As I drove up I saw one of them, his head bent and his hands clasped behind his back in the Napoleonic manner, pacing to and fro before the dark, closed doorway. "Hallo!" I shouted, jumping out of the cab with a mouthful of apologies. He looked at me searchingly. "If this is a joke," he muttered, "it's an uncommonly poor one." The other man, unfortunately, turned up after we had left for brighter regions.

On Christmas Night—or rather, on the morning of Boxing Day—I had another experience. I had been spending the day in a house sunny with children. We had danced, laughed, played all the old games, and pulled innumerable crackers. The house is situated on the top of a hill about four miles from Charing Cross. Shortly after midnight, therefore, I suggested that it would be a wise thing on my part to be thinking of getting home. "You had far better stay here," urged my host, very kindly. "There are no more trains, and you won't be likely to get a cab. We can soon have a bed ready for you." I cherish an absurdly strong objection, though, to sleeping in strange beds, especially when it involves wearing other people's pyjamas. I thanked him, then, and insisted that I must get home at all costs. If the worst came to the worst, I could easily walk four miles. There was one thing, however, for which I had not been prepared. Fog. Dense fog. A cold, cruel, biting, blinding, unutterable fog. Why did I not change my mind when I saw it? I did, as you shall

hear, but it was too late. On the top of the hill, you see, the night was fairly clear. It was not until I was at least half-a-mile from the house of my friend that I began to wonder about things.

There were no cabs plying for hire, but, just on chance, I hailed one already occupied, "Wait where you are," shouted the cabby, "and I'll come back for you." He was as good as his word, that cabby. He was the best cabby and one of the best fellows I have ever met. I have thought more kindly of all cabbies since I made his acquaintance. Well, he came back, I told him my destination, and we started. The fog grew thicker. One heard strange, hoarse voices coming out of the night. Lamps loomed up suddenly quite close to one's face, backed away a little, and then disappeared. "I shall have to get down and lead him," said the cabby. We went forward, very slowly. Every now and again the cabby would shout some cheery observation, and I, chilled and huddled, would endeavour to reply in the same spirit. (It was the only spirit we had.) Denser and denser, colder and colder grew the fog. Presently we bumped into something, disentangled ourselves, and called a halt for discussion. "If I was you," said the cabby, "I think I should go back to where I came from." "Can you get there?" I asked. "Well," said cabby, "I'm more at home up there than what I am down here." "Turn her round, then," said I. We turned accordingly, and, after much toil and tribulation, the man leading the horse most of the way, eventually arrived at the point whence I had foolishly started.

It was now half-past one, and all the lights were out. Asking the cabby to wait and see what happened, I rang the bell and knocked the knocker. No reply. I repeated the entertainment. Still no reply. I stepped back from the house a few paces, filled my lungs with fog, and bellowed the name of my friend to the murky night. No answer. "Let me 'ave a go," suggested my good friend the cabby, climbing down from his perch. There were, for some extraordinary reason, two knockers on that door. He took one in each hand, and beat such a wild, devilish tattoo that I fully expected to have all the police in the district round us. Not one single policeman appeared, nor was there any answering signal from those inside the house. "'Ave they bin indulgin' a bit, then?" asked the cabby, not without reason. I assured him that nothing of the kind had taken place; had not I myself spent the evening there? "There's only one thing as I can suggest," said the cabby. "What's that?" "Holler through the letter-box." Good! I opened the flap of the letter-box, put my mouth close to it, and bellowed at the tip-top of my voice. Then we waited. Dead silence. "There's nothing else to be done," said I. "You must take me to Charing Cross, and I'll see that you don't lose by it." "I'll do my best, Sir," replied the cabby, cheerfully.

The fog was worse when we reached the bottom of the hill again, but we went bravely forward. At least, there was nothing particularly brave about my share of the business. All I did was just to sit inside the cab and think of my past life, whilst the cabby, my splendid cabby, led the horse. I could just see them as they plunged along through that mass of dirty greyness, the man slight, nimble, square-shouldered; the horse patient, wondering, trustful. Once or twice cabby attempted to drive, but a frightened shout and a pair of lamps suddenly emerging from the fog in the opposite direction soon brought him to his feet again. At last we reached home, all three of us in a condition of abject misery. Whisky and cold beef soon restored two of us, though, and I have not the slightest doubt that the third member of the little band was well cared for by-and-by. I dare not tell you how much I paid the cabman, but if you remember that I had spent upwards of three hours in his company on Christmas night, and that he had saved my life, you will be able to make some sort of a calculation for yourself.

LONDON'S THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.



It is arranged that the Royalty shall reopen to-morrow (Thursday) under the title of the New Royalty, Théâtre Français. The season of French plays begins with Pailleron's comedy, "La Souris," in which Mme. Réjane will play. The same actress will appear in Meilhac's "Décoré," "Heureuse," and "La Rafale." After her will come M. de Féraudy, Mlle. Marie Leconte, and Mlle. Cora Laparcerie, in "Le Paon," "Cabotins," "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires," "Le Barbier de Séville," "Notre Jeunesse," and "Brichanteau"; M. and Mme. Silvain, in "Le Père Lebonnard," "Louis XI," "Le Misanthrope," and "La Femme de Tabarin"; Mlle. Thomassin and M. Galipaux, in "La Petite Fonctionnaire" and "Un Conseil Judiciaire"; Mlle. Berthe Bady, who will appear as Maslowska in "Resurrection"; Mme. Simone Le Bargy, in "Le Détour," and MM. Coquelin ainé and Jean Coquelin.

Photographs by Reutlinger, Boissonas and Taponier, Witcomb, and Manuel.

THE CLUBMAN.

Some Moscow Memories—A Contrast—
The Ermitage Restaurant—St. Petersburg Prices—The New Chinese Army.

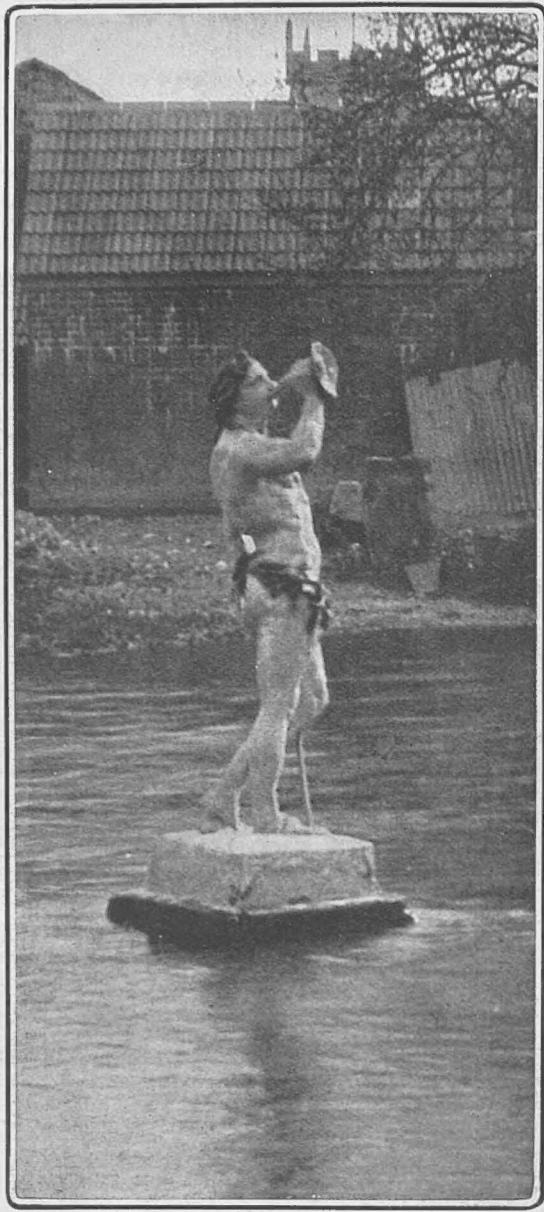
IN the Metropole Hotel at Moscow, I remember saying, after lunch, that unless one rose and looked out of window one could not tell in what country of Europe one was. The room was French, with English furniture in it, a good French cook had cooked our meal, the waiters were German, and the manager who came in to see that everything was as it should be was one of those very splendid gentlemen in irreproachable frock-coats who talk all languages without the slightest accent and are equally at home in Teheran and Christiania.

I asked for the visitors' book, and the first name that caught my eye was that of Mr. George Alexander, with a quotation from a St. James's play following it, showing that he had appreciated the joyousness of Moscow life, that holiday spirit which is usually as much abroad in the old capital of Russia as it is in Paris. There were other names of well-known Englishmen and Frenchmen, Germans and Russians, and, for all the visitors' book could tell me, I might have been in Nice or Abazzia, Vienna or Cairo.

Coming away from the Metropole, the last word in cosmopolitanism, I found waiting by the steps of the town-hall, a hundred yards further on, a strange old rusty black coach swung on leather springs, with a pair of black horses in the shafts and a postillion standing by. It was such a relic of the Middle Ages that I stayed and asked what it was and for whom it waited. It was the coach, I was told, in which the miracle-working ikon—that ikon which was shown to the troops going to the Japanese War—was carried to the bedside of any great person who was in peril of death, in the hope that it might cure him or her when all other remedies had failed.

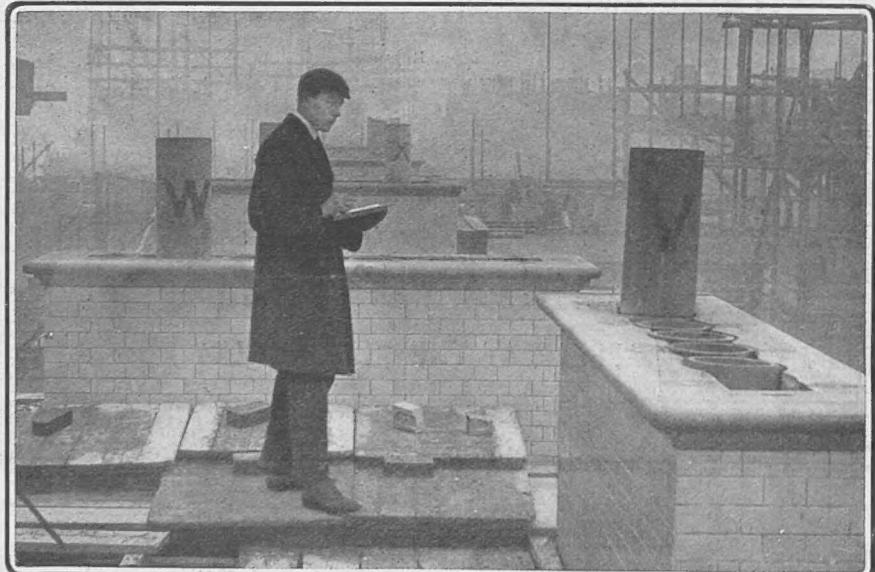
The contrast between the ultra-modernity of the hotel and the old black coach—which might have been built in Peter the Great's day—standing outside the town-hall struck me very strongly at the time; and now, reading that, in the revolution in Moscow, hotel and hall were two of the posts held by the garrison against the armed mob, Moscow, with all its contrasts, comes back to me as though I had seen it only yesterday. I can quite understand both hotel and town-hall becoming fortresses, for they are two of the most important buildings commanding the great street running from the Park to the Kremlin.

I wonder if the mob called at the Ermitage Restaurant on their way towards the Kremlin. That particular restaurant I remember well, for its *maître d'hôtel* was the most haughty person of his kind I have ever met.



A STATUE THAT STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF A RIVER: THE MONUMENT WHICH MARKS THE PLACE WHERE THE CONDUCTOR OF A STAGE-COACH WAS DROWNED IN THE WYLIE.

The statue here illustrated stands in the middle of the river Wylie, in Wiltshire, near the bridge in the centre of the village. Before the bridge was built, the river ran across the road, and the monument was erected in memory of a conductor of an old stage-coach who was drowned while the vehicle was passing through the river. It was subscribed for by the passengers by the coach.



FIGHTING "LONDON'S PARTICULAR": THE GOVERNMENT'S GRATE COMPETITION—WATCHING THE CHIMNEYS.

In order to ascertain the type of grate that gives the least offensive smoke, a four days' competition was held recently at the new Government Buildings at Westminster, the Coal-smoke Abatement Society acting as judges by the request of the Office of Works. Twenty-four grates were entered, and the tests occupied eight hours a day. The amount of coal and wood consumed by each grate was noted, and on the top of the buildings special huts were erected for those whose business it was to note the smoke issuing from each chimney and register its density by means of a chart of smoke-tints.

I wanted to try some of the wines of the Caucasus, and I thought that I should be able to obtain them better at the best restaurant in Moscow than anywhere else. The *maître d'hôtel*, red of nose and gouty of feet, came up to the table where I was puzzling over the bill-of-fare for the day, and I asked him what Caucasian wine he would advise me to try. If I had insulted him he could not have been more frigid. "I believe there are such wines, but we do not know of them in the Ermitage," he said. I found that anybody taking a meal at the Ermitage was expected to drink French wine at at least treble the price such wine would cost in France.

It is one of the characteristics of the "smart" Russian restaurants, both in St. Petersburg and in Moscow, that the food is reasonably cheap and the wine excessively dear. At Donon's, one of the best of the St. Petersburg restaurants, a man can dine excellently for two roubles (about 4s. 4d.), but if he drink a bottle of *vin ordinaire* it will cost him 9s. 8d. A champagne-bottle is cross-gartered with custom-house labels when it comes to table, and the cost of the wine is at least twenty-one shillings. At one of the restaurants on the islands near St. Petersburg, I, in a weak moment, asked for a Scotch whisky-and-soda, and was given one, the whisky being excellent; but I had to pay two roubles for my "peg." If the uprising results in the duties on foreign wines and spirits being reduced, the British in Russia will be thankful for a small mercy.

The thirty military "foreign devils" who went to Ho-chien-fu to see the manœuvres of the army of Yuan-shi-kai, the Viceroy of Chi-li, have returned to Peking much impressed by the steadiness of the Chinese soldier and the efficiency of China's new army. Of course, no Viceroy could follow an army, and the manœuvres were so arranged that the two armies, thirty thousand men in all, should meet exactly where the Viceroy chose to be, and the final combat must have been very much like the Easter Monday battle at Brighton in the days when our Volunteers did not soldier as earnestly as they do now. With the exception of this final battle, the manœuvres seem to have been quite on European lines, and entirely different from a field-day I once saw outside Canton, at which the various phases of the combat were all commenced in obedience to the sound of a gong, struck at the command of a Mandarin carried in a state-chair, and a brown-paper castle formed the object of attack.

That the Chinamen have succeeded in making good gun-teams out of Tartar ponies is a real feat, for of all intractable beasts a Chinese pony is the worst, having a stubbornness even greater than that of a Japanese horse. They are sturdy little beasts and they never tire; but if a Chinese pony has a difference of opinion with his rider as to which road should be selected, the pony invariably has matters his own way. To ride a Chinese pony in a race is one of the best forms of exercise in the world, for he has to be ridden from start to winning-post as though he were "finishing" all the way.

A RUSSIAN COUNTESS WHO HAS BECOME A BRITISH PEERESS.



COUNTESS TOLSTOI, WIFE OF THE HON. PHILIP J. STANHOPE, ONE OF THE NEW PEERS.

As we note on another page of this issue, the peerage conferred on Mr. Philip Stanhope will add a Russian Countess to British Peeresses, for Mr. Stanhope's wife, Countess Tolstoi, will merge her name in that of her husband's new title. The Countess has entertained largely on behalf of the Liberal party. Mr. Stanhope is one of Mr. Chamberlain's most strenuous opponents, an advanced Liberal, and Chairman of the National Reform Union.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30. The Children's Pantomime, CINDERELLA. By Sir F. C. Burnand, J. Hickory Wood, and Arthur Collins. Music by J. M. Glover.

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Caliban. MR. TREE.

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MONDAY, Jan. 8, to SATURDAY, Jan. 13. TWELFTH NIGHT. Malvolio, MR. TREE; Viola, MISS VIOLA TREE; Olivia, MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER. MATINEES WEDNESDAY, Jan. 10, and SATURDAY, Jan. 13.
MONDAY, Jan. 15, to WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17. OLIVER TWIST. Fagan, MR. TREE; Nancy, MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER. ONLY MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17.
THURSDAY, Jan. 18, for Three Nights only, Ibsen's AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. Dr. Stockmann, MR. TREE. Followed by Rudyard Kipling's THE MAN WHO WAS dramatised by F. Kinsey Peile. Austin Limmason, MR. TREE.

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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH as "Portia," every evening at 8, in Shakespeare's Play, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Matinee every Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Special Matinee to-morrow (Thursday) at 2.

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GENERAL NOTES.

The Latest Paris Game.

The latest game in Paris is to find a motto for your friends or for public personages. The humour is generally of the biting sort. For instance, a certain unlucky painter, who never sells his pictures, has this tag attached to his name: "Pierre Dupont peint mais ne se vend pas" ("Pierre Dupont paints, but never sells"). The allusion, of course, is to the celebrated General Cambronne, who commanded, in his younger days, a battalion at Waterloo. Summoned to surrender, he made the heroic reply: "La garde muert et ne se rend pas" (The guard dies but never yields). The nickname, for instance, given to King Peter of Servia is "Le sang gêne." It is obviously a pun on the phrase "sans-gêne," which signifies unconventional manners. "Sang gêne," on the other hand, is a pointed reference to the circumstances in which the King came to the throne—"Embarrassed by bloodshed," if you will. Every day the list of *boulades* applicable to the great of the earth increases, until every notoriety has his sobriquet. Unfortunately, they will hardly bear translation.

Concerning the Scala.

The great playgoing public will share the regret of his professional comrades at the news of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's breakdown in health, which has seriously interfered with the plans he had made for the Scala. Mr. Robertson has gone abroad where the skies are bluer and the sun is brighter than they are with us at this time of the year, and it is hoped that a comparatively short rest will restore him to his usual strength and vigour. In the meantime, it is obvious that so magnificent a theatre as the Scala should not be kept closed, particularly at the season when people are supposed to be in a specially go-to-the theatre mood. Mr. W. W. Kelly will accordingly begin a season with "A Royal Divorce," with which he has toured the provinces for many years, on Jan. 13. Other arrangements, however, which, it is hoped, will be of a less temporary character, are contemplated, and negotiations are now going forward to that end. It would, however, serve no good purpose to mention them, for premature announcements are always undesirable, since they not infrequently interfere with the good results which might otherwise be obtained. If these negotiations are brought to a satisfactory conclusion, they will bring about the immediate appearance of one of the greatest favourites of the public, and that, possibly, in a new light.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JANUARY 6.

MR. BALFOUR AT QUEEN'S HALL.

POSTERS OF BOTH POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE GENERAL ELECTION

UNIQUE ILLUSTRATIONS of the ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE COOLIE QUESTION.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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Jan. 3, 1906.

Signature.....



coming visit to Madrid, and it is widely believed on the Continent that the betrothal of his Britannic Majesty's host to a British Princess will then be announced. Yet another Royal visit to a foreign Court which will be watched with sympathetic interest at home will be that of the King and Queen to Norway. Meanwhile, several members of the Royal Family begin their New Year far away—the Prince and Princess of Wales continuing their triumphal progress through India, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are on the eve of arriving in South Africa.

Their Majesties at Chatsworth. The King and Queen's New Year visit to Chatsworth has become an annual event, as have also the

private theatricals for which the splendid ducal seat is famed. This year's performance, arranged to take place to-morrow (Jan. 4), will consist of "Lotos," of which the part-author is Princess Henry of Pless, and of Lady Bell's amusing farce, "Time is Money." In the latter play Lady Maud Warrender and Miss Muriel Wilson will have the benefit of Mr. Charles Hawtrey's invaluable support. Miss Wilson is, perhaps, the most noted amateur actress in society, and Lady Maud Warrender adds great musical gifts to histrionic power of a high order. Lady Bell, whose play has been chosen, has already done a good deal of light dramatic work. She was before her marriage to Mr. Hugh Bell—elder son of the late Sir Lowthian Bell—Miss Florence Olliffe, a daughter of the well-known Sir Joseph Olliffe, who, as a fashionable physician, played so great a rôle in the Paris of the Second Empire. "Lotos" will be impersonated by Princess Henry of Pless, who sings and dances as well as acts, and has already played at Chatsworth on more than one occasion.

An Ill-Starred House. Royal weddings are not invariably made in heaven; the sequels of some suggest a very different origin.

Some Bavarian marriages have been productive of results among the most tragic in history. It is full time that the wheel of fortune took a kindlier turn and yielded blessing as well as bane to this ill-starred house. It is to be hoped that the young Prince Ferdinand, who is to marry the Infanta Maria Teresa of Spain on the twelfth of this month, may share such joy as the future may hold for his line. He is the eldest son of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, whose uncle, Prince Leopold, is the aged and honoured Regent of Bavaria. For the last nineteen years the latter has occupied the throne on which the poor mad King Otto should be seated. The bridegroom-elect was the first fruit of his father's marriage with Maria della Paz, Infanta of Spain. It may not be commonly known that, had King Ludwig had his way, there would have been no Bavaria for the present dynasty to rule. He had resolved to sell his kingdom in order to purchase a domain where he might rule as absolute monarch. Thirty years ago, Dr. Loehr, his confidant, spent a year in the Greek Archipelago, in the Canaries, in Crete, Cyprus, and the Levant seeking the spot desired. Before any attempt could be made seriously to give effect to the preposterous scheme, the King drowned himself.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

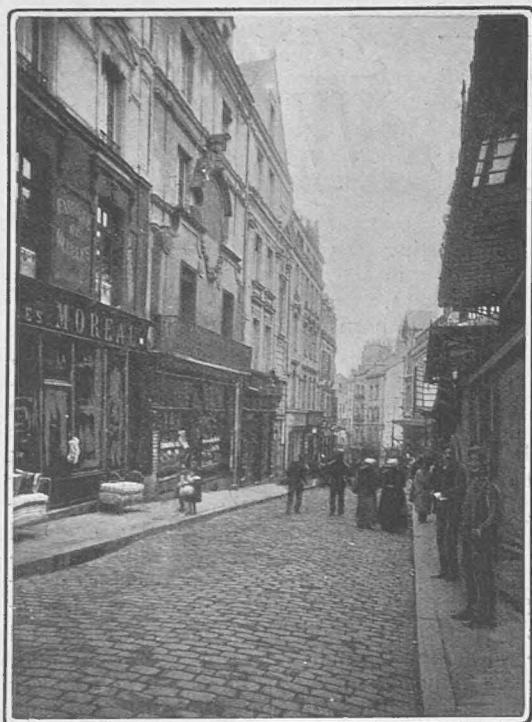
A Coincidence. It is interesting

to note, in connection with the engagement, that the royal sweethearts were born in the same palace. The birth of La Infanta Maria Teresa, as she is called in Spain, occurred at the Royal Palace, Madrid, three-and-twenty years ago. Two years afterwards the baby Prince Ferdinand also was born in that royal home, when his mother was on a visit to her brother, the late King Alfonso XII. Last year the Prince spent some time at the Spanish Court, and it was with sincere pleasure that her family noted how favourably the Princess received the advances of her gallant young lover. We should have heard of their being engaged a year ago, but, just when the announcement was about to be made, a terrible blow descended upon Princess Maria Teresa: her sister, the Princess of the Asturias, who had been married only three and a half years earlier, died suddenly. The handsome and talented young Prince away in Munich was not forgotten, and, as a fact, only a sense of delicacy in letting the first anniversary of the unfortunate Princess's death fade into the distance held back the formal announcement of the engagement. The Princess Maria Teresa is clever and refined, but as unaffected as the least exalted of her brother's subjects. Her future husband, who is, of course, her first cousin, is a student and a serious-minded young fellow, and they seem admirably matched.



NEXT WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING: THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA OF SPAIN AND PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED FOR THE TWELFTH OF THE MONTH.

Photograph by Franzen, Madrid.



FRANCE'S LUCKY STREET: THE RUE BEAUDRIÈRE, ANGERS, DWELLERS IN WHICH HAVE WON 300,000 FRANCS WITHIN THE LAST TWO YEARS.

Photograph by R. Dubut.

building is No. 80, a paper shop; and the next No. 78, a jeweller's. No. 79 is part of the shop Palais du Marchand, which is opposite.

Letters to a Lady of the Halls. Cléo de Mérode is one of the beauties of the Paris music-halls. She has just been on a European tour, and has left a long string of broken hearts in every Continental capital. Someone has interviewed her and read the letters of her multitudinous admirers. They are the most touching epistles. "Mademoiselle," wrote a student in philosophy of the University of Upsala, "I saw you for a moment at the window of your railway carriage. It was a mere fleeting glimpse, but it remains a souvenir for all my life. I shall never forget your gesture of adieu—so noble and so gracious." A lovesick youth from Copenhagen declares: "You are the loveliest woman in the world; I shall never, never forget you." He concludes by asking for a signed postcard from his divinity. An architect thus outlines his emotions: "Belle déesse, Cléo de Mérode, pardon me, but I must write to you. Your beautiful eyes, your ravishing smile, will haunt me for ever. There is in you something of the supernatural angel." These letters read horribly like testimonials of pale pills for pink people, and one feels inclined to ask, in the language of the Boulevards: "What are you going to take for your cold?" Sweet are the uses of advertisement, even to a dancer.

A Season of Biographies. The publication of Lord Randolph Churchill's Life this week concludes in brilliant fashion a season noted for its biographies. Mr. Winston Churchill has written a novel and some clever articles, as well as the military volume which was nicknamed "A Subaltern's Advice to Generals"; but this new work is likely to take its place among the great political biographies of the new century. Lord Beaconsfield's Life is not due for another year or two, and the official biography of Queen Victoria, concerning which so many rumours have been afloat, may not appear till late in the 'twenties. It is thought that this delicate and gigantic task will be confided to Mr. Arthur Benson, whose Life of his own father, Archbishop Benson, was so successful.

Antoine at the Odéon. The news that has excited the greatest interest in Paris theatrical circles is the appointment of M. Antoine to the directorship of the second State theatre, the Odéon. It means that the Odéon will now take its place as one of the great theatres of Paris. M. Antoine is a consummate artist, and his direction of the Théâtre Antoine has been distinguished by a most daring spirit, and a whole-hearted regard for dramatic truth. M. Antoine is the pioneer in realistic plays in Paris. The Odéon has hitherto been regarded as a theatre *pour la jeune fille*. It is to be supposed that it will now grow older in its "atmosphere." The new director is one of the very few French

France's Lucky Street. The inhabitants of the Rue Beaudrière, Angers, are all waiting their turn to receive a visit from Dame Fortune. Less than two years ago the tenant of No. 78 won 100,000 francs in a lottery; last year the tenant in No. 80 was similarly favoured; and a week or two ago the tenant of No. 79 was informed that one of his Municipal Bonds of 1885 had come out with a premium of 100,000 francs. The furniture shop of M. Moréau, shown on the left of the photograph, is No. 82; the next

actors who have arrived at distinction without passing by the Conservatoire. He is entirely self-taught. Years ago he was an inspector in a gas company and played in amateur theatricals. Just recently he has been at war with the critics. He wrote a sharp letter to one of them, saying that he did not invite him any more to his performances. "My theatre is an industry, like any other," he said, "and it is harmed by your criticisms." This was quite a new conception of the drama for the artistic Parisian. What became of art for art's sake? Was M. Antoine merely a grocer serving out black or green tea as required?

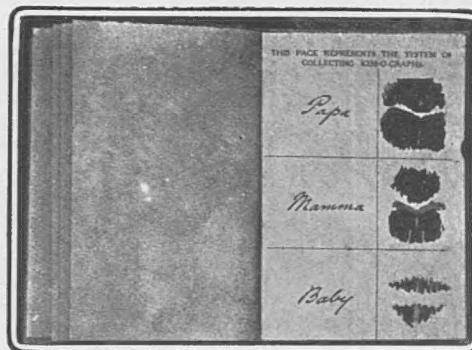
A President's "Housekeeping" Qualities.

Now that M. Loubet's mandate is almost at an end many are the stories told of his personal characteristics. Though a man of great generosity both in purse and in thought and beloved of his entourage, the President of the French Republic is inflexible upon one point: every head of a department at the Elysée must loop the financial loop; that is to say, he must balance his budget to a half-penny. Then all is well; otherwise he hears about it. The Chief Magistrate looks at all the accounts himself each week, and examines the outgoings with great attention. He has a tremendous knowledge of detail, and knows the price of everything, especially of wines. As you may suppose, the President's palace is a model of good order and of household management.

"Mr. Shakspere" and "David Garrick, Esquire."

Shakspere was evidently, in a sense, the Irving of his day—not by reason of his acting, but by a desire to raise his profession in the general estimation. In 1597, his father, John Shakspere, doubtless in approval of his son's desire to found a family, approached the authorities of Heralds' College, and in due course was granted permission to impale the arms of Shakspere with those of Arden; and that Shakspere himself was accorded the dignity of "Mr." is apparently

evident from the document recently unearthed at Belvoir Castle, which speaks of a certain "xliijs." paid to "Mr. Shakspere in gold about my Lorde's impreso." The discovery recalls the somewhat extraordinary estimation of the respective social values of Shakspere and David Garrick made by the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon when they decided to honour the great actor by presenting him with the freedom of their town. This was done, so ran the official resolution, "through love and regard to the memory of the immortal Mr. William Shakespear, and as an acknowledgment of the extraordinary merits of his most distinguished representative, David Garrick, Esquire."



THE COLLECTION OF KISSES AS A HOBBY: A PAGE OF THE "KISSOGRAPH."

The "Kissograph" is London's latest fad. It takes the form of an album containing spaces for the impressions of kisses, and a small pad covered with a mixture of glycerine and rouge. The pad is kissed, and the kiss is then transferred to the pages of the book and autographed.

"Your Lordship," but it is clear that before Easter some half-dozen new names will have been added to the Peerage, of which perhaps the most interesting will be that taken by Mr. Philip Stanhope, whose elevation adds a Russian Peeress to Society, for his brilliant wife, Countess Tolstoi, will now merge her own name in that of her husband's new title. As yet the King has created no new Dukedom, but Lords Ripon, Cadogan, and Dudley are all spoken of in connection with the strawberry-leaves.

The Liberal Peerage and Possible Dukedoms. A sudden influx of new Peers into the Upper House might have a curious effect on the politics of the near future. Several well-known Liberals are said to have refused the honour of being styled



A CREE INDIAN AND HIS CENTENARIAN WIFE: MR. AND MRS. "POINTED CAP."

Mrs. "Pointed Cap" is her husband's fifth wife, and is 105. Photograph by Brinkworth.



A YOUTHFUL WIDOWED PEERESS AND HER SON: THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL AND THE SIXTH MARQUESS OF DONEGALL.

Photograph by Speaight.

A Youthful Widowed Peeress. The young Marchioness of Donegall, whose two-year-old son is now chief of the mighty family of Chichester, is one of our few Colonial Peeresses. When the marriage of Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax, Canada, to the aged Lord Donegall took place, Lord Strathcona gave the pretty bride away. Lady Donegall, who became a widow before her only child was a year old, is not yet five-and-twenty. She is much liked and respected in Co. Antrim, where she and her little son have their home. Curiously enough, the youthful Marquess is Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the United Kingdom, and the only one to which so quaint a title is attached.

A New Lady Ilchester Peeress. now finds herself, within only four years of her marriage, a Peeress, and mistress of Holland House. As only daughter to Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lady Helen Stavordale, as she elected to be called after her marriage to the intellectual only son of the late Lord Ilchester, had a long apprenticeship in the ways of great political hostesses. The affection and esteem in which the new Peeress is held at Court were shown both on the occasion of her marriage and last autumn, when the King became sponsor to her little son. It is said that Lord Ilchester does not mean to occupy Holland House for the present, but to go on living in the

delightful house in Old Burlington Street which he and his wife fitted up soon after their marriage. It is, however, probable that under the new régime Holland House will in time become as famous for its great receptions and fêtes as it was in the days of the great Lady Holland, who entertained all the beauties and wits of her time there. Lord and Lady Ilchester have two children—the infant Lord Stavordale, and a little daughter, who will soon be three years old.

A Future Duchess. To be Duchess of Buccleuch is to hold one of the greatest social positions which can fall to an Englishwoman. The present mistress of Montagu House, Whitehall, is, as all the world knows, Mistress of the Robes; and the wife of the Duke's eldest son and heir, the young Countess of Dalkeith, was, before her marriage, Lady Margaret Bridgeman, a daughter of Lord Bradford. Lord and Lady Dalkeith, who have been married close on thirteen years, have six children—two sons and four daughters.

A Hunting Lady Hostess. Brassey, the second daughter of the Duke of Richmond, has lately become mistress of one of the most beautiful of the stately homes of England—splendid Apethorpe, bought by Mr. Leonard Brassey from Lord Westmorland some two



A NEW PEERESS AND HER ELDEST CHILD: THE COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER AND HER DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Speaight.

years ago. Lady Violet may be said to have been born in the most noted of sporting circles in the kingdom, for she spent her childhood and early girlhood at Goodwood, and she used to hunt regularly with the Goodwood Hounds when her father, then Lord March, was master. Mr. Leonard Brassey has been interested in racing from boyhood; he is a member of the Jockey Club, and a noted Newmarket host. He is a keen rider to hounds, and before his marriage went in a good deal for big-game shooting and pig-sticking in India. Lady Violet Brassey, who was married twelve years ago, has three sons, the eldest of whom is ten this year, while the youngest will be a year old next month.



A FUTURE DUCHESS AND HER FAMILY: THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH AND FOUR OF HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Speaight.



A HUNTING HOSTESS AND HER ELDER CHILDREN: LADY VIOLET BRASSEY AND TWO OF HER SONS.

Photograph by Speaight.

The Missing List. The fact that there is no New Year's Honours List except in connection with the India Office is not surprising, seeing that the Dissolution honours followed so quickly upon the Birthday group. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will scarcely have got into his stride, as it were, in the matter of fashioning such a list. The biggest thing he has had to do with titles so far was when he compelled the late Duke of Cambridge to put the prefix "ex" before his title of Commander-in-Chief. It is not only in his own country that the King is anxiously regarded by those who look for honours. On the Continent where members of the Royal Family visit, hotel-proprietors, station-masters and others are always very keen to possess an English Order. A station-master at Fehrbellin once begged the late Lord Dufferin to get him an English decoration. The nobleman explained that the decorations were only for military distinction, for civil service, and so forth. "But," he added, "there is also the Order of the Garter, which is given for no particular merit." The station-master expressed his perfect readiness to accept the Garter.

"Ruth." The elaborately drawn veil which enshrouds the personality of *Vanity Fair's* new cartoonist—which his name is "Ruth"—will be deemed of the flimsiest by those familiar with the work of the caricaturists of the day. The artist who has limned "G. B. S." in slippered ease, by way of making a débüt in our contemporary's pages, may be as anonymous as a pen-name can render him, but his style bewrayeth him. His choice of signature is amusing: hitherto he has been known to many as a little Ruthless; now it is evidently his desire to be a great Ruth.

"The Renascence of Wonder." Treble-barrelled felicitations have been showered upon Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton for the New Year, for Christmas, and upon his wedding. "The renascence of wonder" is a term in his delightful "Aylwin," and the phrase is



AN HEIRESS TO MILLIONS WHO WAS KILLED IN A MOTOR ACCIDENT ON LONG ISLAND: MRS. FRANCES BURTON HARRISON.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Harrison was killed in the accident in which Mr. Charles T. Crocker, her brother, a millionaire, was dangerously injured. Mrs. Harrison, who was the wife of an ex-Congress man, was the heiress to her father's millions, and was prominent in American Society.

Photograph by G. G. Bain

which prevents any but a rich man representing America in the world of diplomacy. Stronger had Mr. Longworth ever served his country as Minister or Ambassador.

A Yuletide Gift.

Lord Rothschild's magnificent gift to the poor of Tottenham recalls the innumerable benefactions the famous financial house has bestowed on the lands of its adoption. Paris, as well as London, has had reason to bless the Rothschild clan, and France and England can apply to themselves the significant proverb, "Each country has the Jews it deserves." Lord Rothschild lives, in one sense, retired from the world, and this though he has long been a favourite host of Royalty.

When in London he goes daily to the City, and it is clear that the great games of politics and finance interest him far more than anything connected with society and social pleasure can hope to do.

which his pages thrill has called them both from the salon to the sweet fresh air, and both are youths in heart and spirit. He waited twenty years before he published "Aylwin," and in two years it had run through twenty editions. He has waited three-and-seventy years to marry. May he have as many days of wedded bliss as admirers which that book has brought him!

Empire at Auction. John Bull, with his vast possessions, can spare an odd island or two, and nobody will feel more than amusement at the announcement that the Fanning and Washington Islands are to be put up for sale at auction. It would be a very different matter if any other Power tried to take them. Empires trade as individuals trade. It was but a little while ago that Spain sold to Germany the Caroline Islands, the Pelews, and such part of the Ladrones as remained under her jurisdiction. Denmark has twice tried to sell her share of the West Indies, but patriotism has proved too strong. We in this country sometimes pick up territory in the most unexpected fashion. An enterprising Englishman turned up one day at Port Royal, in the Island of Palawan, ran up the Union Jack and annexed the island "until such time as the Crown notify its pleasure regarding its protection." That flag had to come down, as had that raised by another cheery soul over Mozambique. Another flag which should have been raised, but was not, concerned the Royal Company Islands, south of Australia. We should have been glad to realise on those, for they are now marked on the Admiralty charts, "non-existent."

An Awful Rumour Denied. Despite allegations to the contrary, it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that a pun was not intended when an Ohio man was chosen to introduce a Bill designed to remove the wealth-barrier

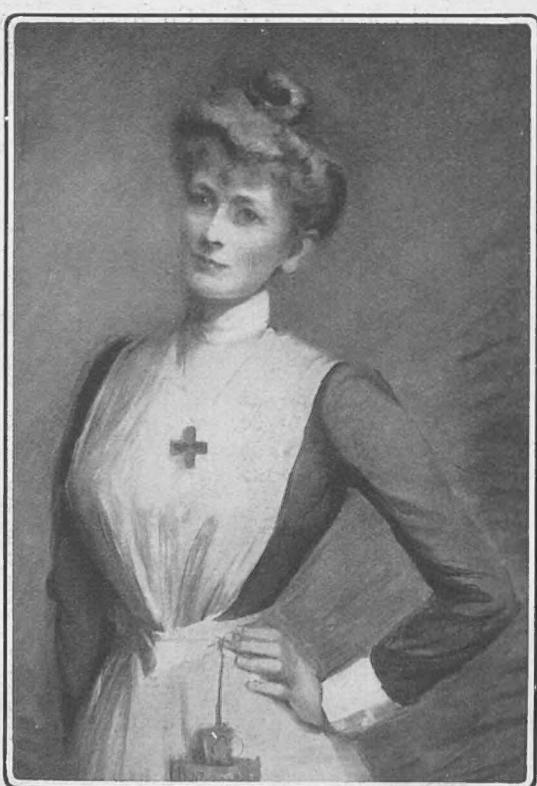


THE MARRIAGE OF MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON: MRS. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, NÉE CLARA JANE REICH.

The announcement that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton had married at the age of seventy-three came as a considerable surprise to the literary world. Mr. Swinburne and he had so long lived together in bachelorhood that no one dreamed for a moment that either of them would become a Benedict.

From a Photograph.

years his junior. The delightful Bohemian life which he and Mr. Swinburne have lived at the Pines of Putney Hill does not make for wrinkles or decrepitude. That wild love of nature with



A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFACTOR WHO WAS ONE OF THE NEW YEAR GUESTS AT SANDRINGHAM: MISS AGNES KEYSER (SISTER AGNES).

Miss Agnes Keyser, better known, perhaps, as Sister Agnes, has earned fame as a great public benefactor, and gave the whole of her time, her work, and money to the foundation of King Edward's Hospital for Officers. She was one of the New Year guests of the King and Queen at Sandringham.

From the Painting by Maud Coleridge.

"CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.



MISS MARY MOORE AS THE FLIPPANT MISS MILLS.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



BY E. A. B.

The Unsought Boom.

There was published on this page the other week the portrait of an Oxford University man who had been sentenced to death for shooting a Chinaman. He had owed the Celestial no grudge; he merely wanted to call attention to the "Yellow Peril," and at the same time advertise a book he had written. A Frenchwoman has gone to the opposite extreme, and all France is talking at the present hour of her suicide. She has taken her life precisely in the manner described in the book she had been reading. This creates a boom for a book such as the author cannot well have desired. If authors could but know the many pretty things which attend their writings, their prosperity might be materially aided by quite charming means. It was absurd that "Lorna Doone" should owe its vogue to its supposed connection with the marriage of the then Marquess of Lorne to Princess Louise. Would not William Black have felt a little proud to have it known that Mr. Swinburne had written to him, what time "Madcap Violet" was running serially, saying, "I will go down on my knees to you to spare that sweet Violet!"

High Praise. Certain old villagers climbed the belfry and rang the bells of the parish church when one of Richardson's heroines finally got married; and a Parisian doctor gained twenty thousand francs for keeping alive the lady patient who wanted to read the last chapter of Eugène Sue's "Mystères de Paris," which at the time was appearing in instalments. That is fame. Byron called it fame when he and Moore, sitting together, heard a boat-load of trippers singing one of Moore's songs. And this is fame, nobly, pathetically expressed. The story was told by Mr. Choate when he was in London. They knew that the time had come when the silver cord of the life of James Russell Lowell must soon be snapped. Oliver Wendell Holmes went out to his house at Elmwood to pay him what he felt would be his last visit. The two had always been like brothers, calling each other by their Christian names. As the doctor entered the room, he said, in his bright and breezy way, "Well, James, how are you to-day?" And Lowell, on his couch, clasping a little book in his hands, looked up with a bright smile, and answered, "Wendell, I don't know how I am, and I don't care—I'm reading 'Rob Roy.'"

The con-
tinued
of the
agitation
Heathen
in China
Chinee,
suggests
that the sleeping
giant may really
be awakening. The
worst that happens
there these days is
hardly as bad as
that which occurred
regularly in Japan
when, so short a

while ago, her reformation was in progress. After Japan, Russia; after Russia, China? As a Bishop of the Church of England has just been telling us, there is a side of the Chinese character which not all Westerners have an opportunity of observing. He kills missionaries, whom he regards as devils, as often as he safely may; but he is capable of such devotion as may prove

embarrassing to the man who is its object. Lord Napier of Magdala petted a little dog belonging to a Chinaman whom he had befriended. The owner, who seems really to have loved the great soldier, begged him to accept the dog. Napier, respecting the man's regard for the animal, refused the gift. That Chinaman straightway went and committed suicide, and every member of his family did the same. This was tragic enough. To make matters worse, they had committed the happy despatch in a well which constituted Napier's sole available drinking-supply.

Famished Orpheus. **M**ayoress gives a fancy-dress ball for children at the Mansion House on Friday evening, as other Mayoresses are doing just about now in the provinces. It is to be hoped that she and her provincial sisters will look after the creature comforts of the band, for it happened that there was a disastrous scene at the Mansion House through the neglect of this trivial duty. In days when the Lord Mayor's band was an official institution, it fell out that a dinner was provided for the makers of music which consisted *only* of "fish, roast beef, fillets of veal, puddings, pies, and custards, but no fowls or chickens." The omission so exasperated the musicians that they stormed the apartments of the man

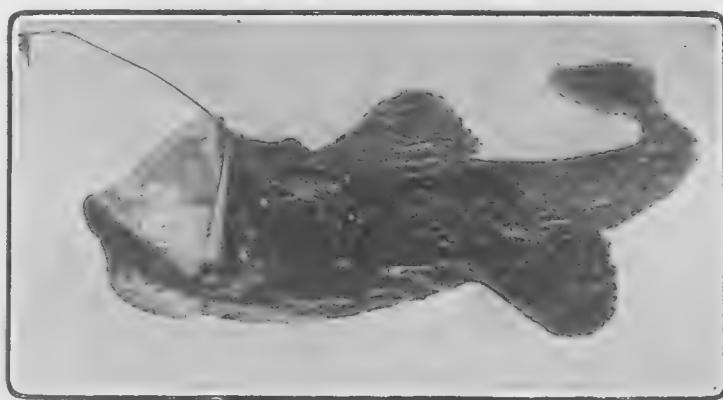
responsible for the menu, and so vigorously abused him that he had to take the player of the bass viol and with violence cast him forth. This worthy, assisted by his confrères, brought an action for the recovery of £200 damages. The unfeeling jury, having a different estimate of the value of a bass viol's feelings, awarded him only one penny damages. In the meantime, however, the masters of melody had had the satisfaction of shutting off the slow music to which our civic forebears delighted to feast.

Turn and Turn

About.

Sportsmen in this country must be envying the Prince of Wales, who is able to attend service in an Indian temple in the morning, and in the afternoon bag a fine tiger. To the non-sporting mind, the contiguity of the tiger and the temple may not present so alluring an idea.

It recalls the Chinese proverb as to the Koreans, which is to the effect that the Koreans hunt the tiger during one half of the year, while the tiger hunts the Koreans during the other half. This seems to have been supported by Lord Curzon's experience. When he was in Korea it was the tiger which was doing the hunting. He stayed for a short while at Chang An Sa, which we should call the Hall of Eternal Peace, the principal of the



A FINNY ISAAC WALTON: THE ANGLER FISH, SHOWING THE FILAMENTS BY WHICH IT ATTRACTS ITS PREY.

The angler fish, or, to give it its Latin name, *Lophius Piscatorius*, was first known as the fishing-frog, or frog-fish. It attracts the small fish on which it lives by the movement of filaments attached to its head and mouth. It is found on the coasts of Europe and America.

Photograph by Park.



ORNAMENTAL GARDENING AS IT IS IN FRANCE: A SWAN OF SILVER-BARK SET IN A BED OF FLOWERS IN THE GARDENS OF MME. VALLEE AT ANDRESY.

Keum Kang San monasteries. There were rather eerie rumours about the place, which, one hopes, did not disturb the slumbers of the future Viceroy. In the morning the rumours were borne out by evidences. The quadrangle of that peaceful hall had been patrolled throughout the night by a mighty tiger. Lord Curzon himself tracked him by his spoor and other signs.

"CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.



MISS MARY MOORE AS MISS MILLS, AND MISS MARION TERRY AS MRS. MOXON.

Miss Mills: You know that man deserves whipping.



MISS MARION TERRY AS MRS. MOXON, AND SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS CAPTAIN DREW, R.N.

Drew: I ought to be bounding along on the ocean, and not laying up in dry dock.



MISS MARION TERRY AS MRS. MOXON, AND SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS CAPTAIN DREW, R.N.

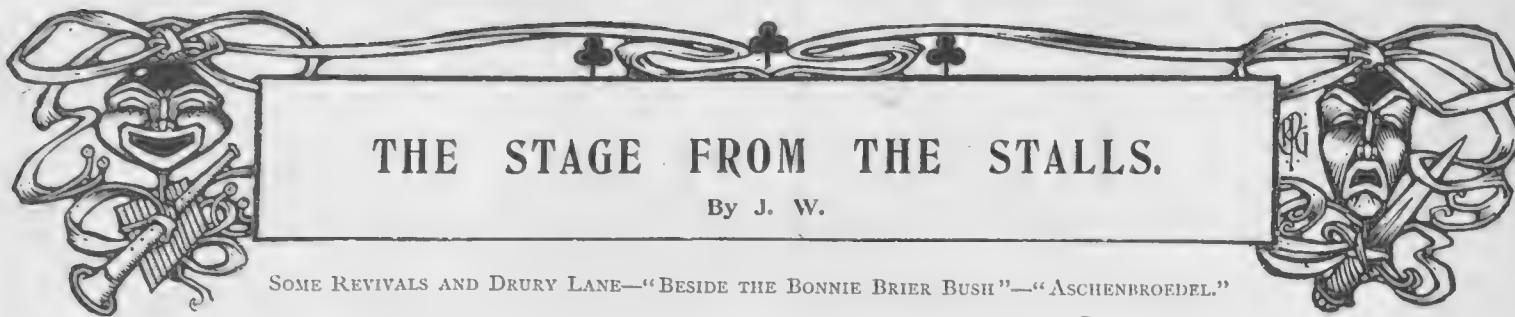
Drew: It breaks my heart to leave you.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



MISS MARY MOORE AS MISS MILLS, AND MR. A. VANE-TEMPEST AS MR. WHITE.

Miss Mills: I don't like such dark men.



"THE SPRING CHICKEN'S" NEW LEASE OF LIFE.



1. MR. GIRDLE (MR. EDMUND PAYNE) AND ROSALIE (MISS GERTIE MILLAR)
INDULGE IN A GAME OF CRICKET.

3. MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS, WHO PLAYS SYLVANA.

2. MISS DORIS STOCKER.

4. MR. GIRDLE FLIRTS WITH ROSALIE.

Photographs 1 and 4 by Foulsham and Banfield; 2 and 3 by the Play Pictorial Publishing Co.

Makers of the British Stage.

III.—MR. H. B. IRVING.

DRAWN BY G. C. WILMSHURST.

Makers of the British Stage.

R.G.



IV.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

DRAWN BY G. C. WILMSHURST.



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

In the Hunting Field. Hunting men tell me that the "capping" system has come back again, and is likely to stay and to grow. They declare it is very effective in reducing the unwieldy fields to some reasonable size, and also it keeps people who are fond of hunting, but averse from subscribing in any form to the expenses, away from the field. It is fairly well known that many men who keep several hunters, and establishments that justify them, will travel from one hunting centre to another, hunt with several packs, and subscribe to none. "Capping" is the proper cure for such inconsiderate sportsmen, for more often than not it will be found that people who avoid their just obligations never hesitate to ride over young corn and to do the odds and ends of damage to the land they travel over that serve to incense farmers against the hunt and to create a feeling of ill-will that even the prompt settlement of claims for damage cannot set at rest. Talking of these claims reminds me of a rather quaint remark made to me the other day by a keen hunting man who has a good deal to do with the compensation question. "I am very proud of our foxes," he remarked; "they are a very stout lot. But I do wish they were not so dreadfully aristocratic." I asked for an explanation, hoping to learn something worth knowing. "Well," said my friend, "I complain that they are aristocratic because, whenever the farmers round here send in their claims, I find that the foxes have killed nothing but fowls with a pedigree as long as your arm, and yet when I go summering the country and have time to look carefully at poultry, most of the fowls I see are a very barndoar lot. So I can only suggest that our foxes will have nothing to do with common birds, and only eat pedigree stock." I decided that there was the possibility of another solution to this mystery.

A Kill on the Mud. I suppose every hunting man

can tell stories of the strange places in which hounds have killed, but I doubt whether anyone has seen a more curious sight than one that interested a fair-sized field on the East Anglian coast a short time ago. A fox was found on the marshes, where doubtless he had gone in search of crabs and water-rats and winged wild-fowl, and he gave the field a rattling run of forty minutes, and held them for some time in a place where he had doubled on his own line. When the trick was discovered there was another sharp run, and then the fox was viewed swimming across the estuary, and making for one of the islands that lie in it. Tide was very strong, and for all his plucky efforts poor Reynard could make no headway, and had to give up the attempt and land on the mud, while the field on the sea-wall sat watching hounds hunt him across the mudflats half a mile from the land. There the pack came up with their quarry and put an end to him, and before the huntsman

could get out he had to dismount and borrow a pair of flat-soled wading-boots belonging to a man who chanced to be working on the sea-wall. The scene was a remarkably picturesque one. The sun was setting and lighting up miles of ground that at other times in winter is so waste and dreary. The hunt, picturesque in pink and white, stood afar off on firm soil, and on the yielding, shifting mud the pack was quarrelling over its prey.

The Passing of Pink.

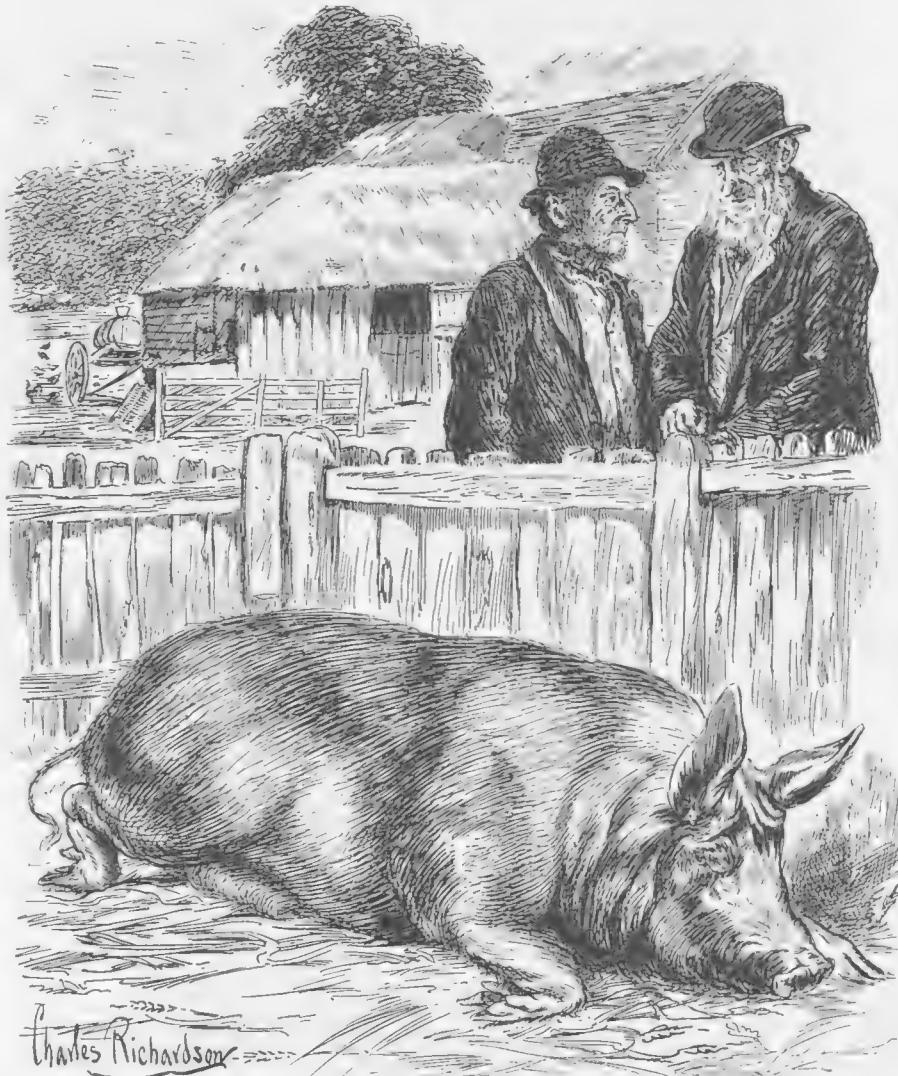
By the way, is not it rather a pity that so many men are discarding pink? Where a few years ago there was colour in plenty, it tends to

disappear to-day, with the result that the meets lose most of their picturesque quality.

Of course one does not welcome the sight of people who are elaborately dressed, and never go over a hedge if they can get a gate opened for them. Bad riding is emphasised by elaborate costume, but there are heaps of men whose abilities justify the distinctive colour, and whose purses make the question of cost insignificant. I suppose there is nothing in this world that an Englishman likes less than to appear in a costume that is very conspicuous. Our soldiers have not acquired the Continental habit of wearing uniform, and display of any kind is voted bad form. I am inclined to believe that this convention is responsible for the gradual disappearance, not only of the fox-hunter's costume, but also of the otter-hunter's.

Does barbed wire tend to increase or to disappear? The younger generation of hunting men is distinctly hopeful; their elders, who hunted when wire was unknown, declare that all England will be wrapped up in it before many years have passed. Certainly, in the country I know best, barbed wire is increasing, not, I think, because of any ill-will that the farmers bear to the hunt,

but rather because the farmers themselves are not hunting men. In the old days, when farmers were really prosperous folk, and could give at least one day, and sometimes two in the week to hunting, there was never any thought or question of an action that would impede the hunt's progress. Good fellowship obtained in all directions. Nowadays, farmers as a class cannot well afford to hunt. Nor can they afford to forego compensation, and as barbed wire happens to be the cheapest and most effective form of fencing known to them, they feel compelled to use it. Of course, these remarks will not apply to neighbourhoods where farming still has some measure of its old prosperity, or the land is farmed to any extent by men of means. It should be remembered, too, that barbed wire is not too profitable, for stakes have to be renewed, and loose wire is very dangerous, even to a farmer's own stock.



[DRAWN BY CHARLES RICHARDSON.]

ZOW 'ER BE.
Garge: Be un an 'Ampshire 'og, Jahn?
Jahn: Noa! 'Er be's a zow from Zowthampton.

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NEW COVERS FOR OLD SONGS:

II.—MAUD VALERIE WHITE'S "THE DEVOUT LOVER."

(Words by W. H. Pollock.)



*"It is not mine to sing the stately grace,
The great soul beaming in my lady's face."*

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN'S SPORTING INSTINCT.



THE TOP VICTIM: Bet yer a bob I'm aht o' 'ospital fust!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.

THE CEDAR BOX.
BY
AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

IT was market day at St. Albans. The stalls stretched in long, straggling lines from Market Cross well up St. Peter's Street, and a rabble of voices stirred the quiet air of the cathedral city. The afternoon was still young, but winter threw his pallid lights and torn shadows into it, and blurred outlines showed everywhere, washed into a grey and hazy atmosphere. The vegetables on the fruiterers' stalls showed whitey-grey with hoar-frost or were sodden with water; where the fish lay in glittering masses, the vendors' fingers slid in and out red and purple with cold.

Two florists and a china-merchant held the wide space by the town hall. The china-merchant was content to lurk behind his neighbours, knowing well that his wares would be in demand, and that this position gained him a greater space. He knelt, unpacking great rows of tins and basins to fill up gaps made by customers. As he did so, he bawled loudly, his raucous voice filling the air, his breath puffing out in white gusts.

"Ain't you gettin' marrid, you gels? Here's tins for ye, pans for ye, a 'namelled basin for ninepence as ye can wash yer face in! Plites only tuppence each! 'Ere's the plice to buy, to buy!"

The florists paid little attention to him, finding a steady sale for their own wares—potted plants and shrubs, and great bunches of tawny chrysanthemums whose petals stuck with frost. At right angles to them, but some space distant, dealers less ambitious had set up a row of narrow stalls against the pavement. These were worked chiefly by women; they held picture-books, ribbons and laces, or fruit of a mean kind.

Across the wide space where the florists were, an old man made his tottering way to the pavement by these stalls. He roused some slight attention as the one smocked figure among the many countrymen come into market; but few persons were sufficiently interested to follow his course. This led him to the dealer in literature, and he scanned with weak, earnest eyes a row of texts and mottoes that fluttered on the line above his head.

"Taint for myself, but for a neighbour," he told the waiting woman at the back of the stall. "They be marrid—'Home, Sweet Home' 'ill do, I do think. That one wi' the gillyflowers, Missis."

The woman brought it down with coarse, deft fingers, and he turned away. He had gone not half-a-dozen steps when he hesitated, stood still, bent his head with its bashed billycock hat, and peered.

The box was made of cedar-wood. It lay, fragrant and quaintly beautiful, among a soft heap of garish ribbons, a twining ivy-spray carved delicately upon its lid.

"It be her box what she keeps fardens in," said the woman at the next stall. "Taint for sale. Here, Missis Miles, here be gran'pa covetin' your farden-box. He be seekin' a fortune, I'll be bound." She began to titter.

A woman, stout, coarse, and bold-eyed, appeared from the back of the stall, where she had been chaffering for oranges with a man whose ragged clothing showed cold and creeping flesh. She was more than elderly, both in body and soul. The stains of sin and shamelessness were upon her face, her grey-black hair hung like an uncouth shadow above her eyes.

She looked at the old man's bent head boldly. "Taint for sale, neither it nor the fardens in it," she said.

He heard her, but, with the slow faculties of the old, only half took in the meaning of the words. He lifted the cedar box and held it in

his withered palm. Then he looked from it to the woman, and a watery smile played round his face. "It be twin-brother to one I carved when I wis a young man," he said.

The woman ran her eye over him, over the thin old features, and the hair like a fringe of hoar-frost sticking out from under his hat. When the scrutiny was finished she said, even more hardly and curtly than before, "Tain't for sale."

He weighed the box delicately in his hand, his old eyes gleaming with a curious pleasure upon it, taking no heed of her words. "You be a stranger here, missis. Happen you bought the box, recent?"

"Yes, it's a stranger I am," she said, sharply; "I ain't been here afore, and I mayn't be here again. I didn't get the box recently, neither; I've had it many a year."

She tossed a heap of gaudy ties together, then flicked them as curtly apart, bending her bold eyes upon the mingling shades.

"It be twin-brother to one carven by me years ago," repeated the veteran. "The ivy-leaf be that like I'd 'a said it were the same, only I knowed as she would never part wi' the box."

The woman laughed, not a pleasant laugh. She leant against the side of the stall, and her elbows stuck out stiffly from her waist. "P'raps she did part with it," she said.

But he flashed at her a glance that gave transitory life and brightness to the weak old eyes, and his slender shoulders trembled. "No, she ain't never parted wi' it," he said firmly. "It be God's own truth, that be."

"P'raps not," said the woman. Suddenly, with a rough movement, she held out her hand for the cedar box.

The old fellow trembled again, but his gaze was not given to the outstretched hand, it was bent in a gentle and untroubled regret upon the box, whose hues blended into those of his hand without difficulty.

"It be that like," he said again.

People were passing on the pavement behind him. He noticed them not at all. Jerking his arm to keep the rolled motto from falling, he pressed close to the wooden slab of the stall. The woman looked at him boldly. "Well?" she said with impatience. After a moment, "Taint for sale," she said for the third time. A rough strand of hair fell across her face; she twined it deftly round a finger and thrust it under her bonnet's edge.

He was not repulsed by her roughness. "Twere forty year ago if a day, missis," he said garrulously, "when the box that be twin-brother to this were carven by me. I brought a bit o' ivy in from the 'edge, and wi' my nail I marked it out on th' lid. I'd only finished makin' the box that same day, and screwed on the hinges—twere a delicate bit that to do, I were feart to scrape the thing. Well, I marked it out, same's I said, an' the night after—Sunday night that were—it were carven. Yilda were to go on the Monday—twere for Lunnon she were bound. I give it her on the way from chapel t'ome, near by Twining's Hedge. 'Ere, my gel, it be a token,' I sez. 'When we be wed, 'twill hold thy needles, likely, or pins, or sech.' You ain't never kep' needles in it, missis, I suppose?"

"Yes," she said, roughly, "I did once. But it was hard work getting them out, they clung to the joins."

"Aye, they might; p'raps hers did too," he said, regretfully. "For she kep' her needles in it right on from when I give it her—

so she wrote an' said." He tilted up the lid with a loving hand, and his eyes grew absent as he gazed.

The woman with the bold eyes cleared her throat. "And when you was wed?" she said.

It was her first query, and, despite the defiant tone of it, he was brightened into a continuance of the tale.

"We weren't never wed. Yilda, she were in Lunnon but a couple o' year when she were wed to a man what she loved dearer nor she loved me. For she were that 'cute—Yilda—and as pretty a gel as you'd wish to see, and she were many a year younger nor me. No, I weren't s'prised when she wrote as she'd took up wi' him, for I were but a simple fellow and unblithesome, an' wi' no wits. 'Tweren't likely as she'd love me when she knew Lunnon chaps, were it, missis? I were no ekal o' her."

"No, you wasn't her equal," said the stall-woman. She leaned against the wooden post at her side, and laughed.

"'Tother were a genelman, an' rich. She'd have pretty things—she were allus partial to pretty things. I only give her the cedar box—'twere all I had, an' home-made, too."

The woman did not reply. Perhaps she was bored by the tale. Her glance went into the market, avoiding the speaker and the box he held.

He sighed. "I never 'eard no more from Yilda, not after that letter; an' I missed her sore. 'Twere many a year after when I 'eard as the man was dead. Pike—he'd bin to Lunnon, an' he told me—he related how folkses said as the chap weren't never marrid, and there were no heir—that be another name for th' son as takes on the biznis, Pike sez. But they wis married secret, Yilda and him, and folkses, maylike, never knowed right well as he wis wed."

"And you wed——?"

He stared at her with a feeble indignation, then he set the cedar box upon the stall, and shook his head. "'Course I never marrid. How could I wed when in every step as came to the door I 'eard Yilda, an' wi' every breath I breathed I thought o' her? I be a simple fellow, missis, an' I ain't never had more'n one idea. Yilda were my idea o' a gel; it takes a cleverer fellow nor me to love twice.

When ole Sue—the dog—died, I were that shaken I wept, aye, I did. For, many a time, when she pressed again me close an' warm, I'd think as 'twere Yilda; an' her black coat weren't indifferent like Yilda's hair."

He rubbed a forefinger across his dim eyes, and peered across the stall. "You ain't never seen no one, missis, wi' a cedar box like this here?"

"No," she said. She leant back from him, her face falling into the shadow of the stall.

He was a little discouraged by the monosyllable. "You ain't never seen no one like Yilda? You'd know her anywhere wi' her black hair an' them brown eyes as sweet an' pure as a babby's is."

"No, I ain't never seen your Hilda—'tain't likely as I would."

"You'd a rec'lected her if you'd seed her," he said confidently. "She be a fine gel, an' as good as gold."

He tucked up the motto, and half turned away. "Good-day, missis. I has my cart to find, 'tis over St. Stephen's is my way, a tidy climb. Now that her man be dead, may like Yilda'll come home, an' leave Lunnon ways. I waits for it."

"I'd keep on waitin'," said the dark-haired woman. Her voice was oddly hushed and gentle. "It be well to wait, and hurts nobody."

He misunderstood her. "No, it don't hurt now," he said. "Good-day, Missis, good-day!"

He moved forward with tottering feet. His eyes were pensive; they held the quiet grief of the aged, and the relief of the sage who has told his tale out.

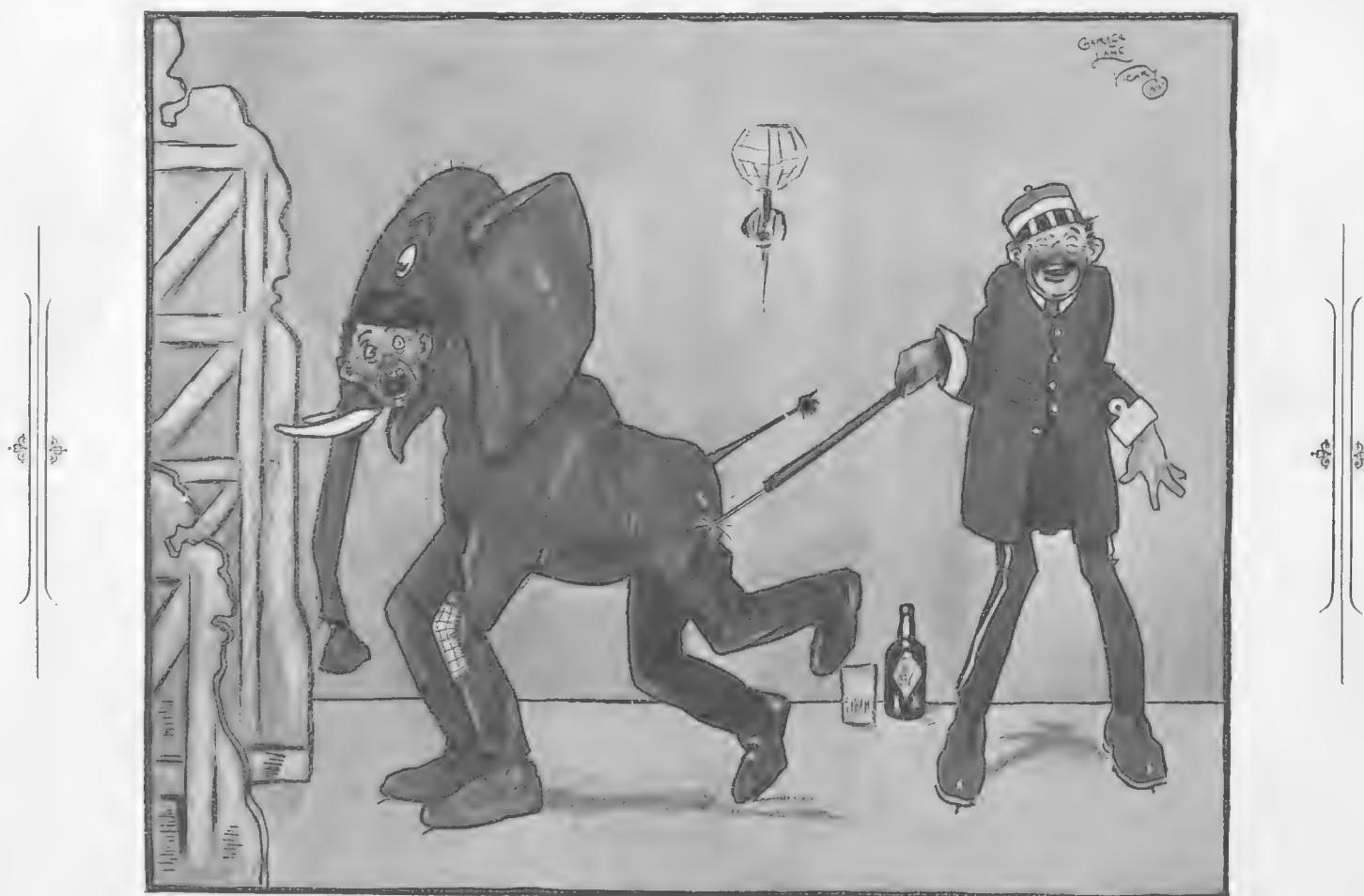
The woman watched the stooping figure till it disappeared. The Abbey clock struck three, and from the cloisters a faint, sweet melody floated into the misty air. "Life let us cherish"—the notes filtered out, quiet, and gently sad.

"'E didn't buy your box wi' the fardens?" asked the woman at the next stall. She was hanging a new motto where the other had been.

"'Tain't for sale," said the dark-haired woman, harshly. "There be more in that box nor fardens, and I've had it over-long to part with it. It were give to me long ago—a matter, maybe, of forty year."

THE END.

THE PANTOMIME SEASON HAS BEGUN.



GIVING THE ELEPHANT HIS CUE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THIS evening Mr. Lewis Waller produces at the Imperial "The Harlequin King," Mr. Louis N. Parker and Mr. Selwyn Brinton's adaptation of Herr Rudolph Lothar's play, which has been acted for some time in Germany with great success. It will take Mr. Waller out of the clothes of to-day, which he wore in "The Perfect Lover," and put him into the costume of the more decorative world of the sixteenth century. The scene of the play is laid in Italy; but the character of Harlequin, which Mr. Waller will play, though peculiarly appropriate to the present season, is not the harlequin of the pantomime harlequinade, but the original "arlequin" of the Italian theatre, from which, it need hardly be said, we have borrowed the name. Incidentally, it may be noted that the other members of the immortal quartet beloved of the children—of all ages—will be seen in the play, and Columbine, or "Colombina," to give her her Italian name, will be acted by Miss Evelyn Millard; while Mr. Waller's usual company, in which Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. A. E. George, and Miss Mary Rorke figure conspicuously, has been recruited by the addition of Mr. William Devereux and Miss Sarah Brooke.

The Savoy Theatre will not remain untenanted for long, arrangements having been made by which "Lights Out" will be transferred to it, when Mr. Cyril Maude is due at the Waldorf. The home of what will always be considered typical English light opera—the work of Gilbert and Sullivan—has now been utilised for most kinds of drama except tragedy pure and simple.

On Monday evening next Mr. Beerbohm Tree will revive "Twelfth Night," in which he will, of course, play Malvolio; while Miss Viola Tree will be Viola, and Miss Constance Collier the Countess Olivia.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite may well congratulate herself on the happy chance which will fall to her, as the leading lady of the St. James's Theatre, next Tuesday afternoon. She will be the latest of the long list of Rosalinds when Mr. Mollison revives "As You Like It," with himself as Jaques, Mr. Charles Groves as Touchstone, Mr. Henry Ainley as Orlando, and Miss Lettice Fairfax as Celia.



"DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT," AT THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH: MISS RHODA RAY AS THE PRINCESS.

Mr. J. B. Mulholland presented his fourth annual pantomime at the King's Theatre on the Saturday before Christmas, and has produced a particularly bright show. Amongst the principals appearing in it, in addition to Miss Ray, are Miss Carlotta Levey, Dick; Mr. Johnnie Fuller, the Cat; Mr. Harry Rogerson, Jack Idle; Miss Maud Noel, Alice Fitzwarren; Messrs. Foreman and Fannan, Captain Taffrail and Ben Bobstay; and, Messrs. Kelly and Gillette, who give their well-known "Fun on a Billiard Table" act.

Photograph by Bassano.

This will make the fourth Shakspere play running in London at the same time, a record in which living dramatists may well find cause for complaint.

On Saturday next Miss Ellis Jeffreys leaves London for New York, where she will play a short season in "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," the new play which Mr. Alfred Sutro has written for her. This arrangement, which was made early last year and was recorded on this page at the time, will be the first of a series of annual visits which

Miss Jeffreys will make to New York. She is to open at Daly's Theatre on the 22nd instant. The play is understood to be a reversion to Mr. Sutro's lighter mood, which was exemplified in "Mollentrave on Women," and does not concern itself with those



A PLAYER IN "MR. POPPLE, OF IPPLETON": MISS FREDA VAAL.
Photograph by Bassano.

more serious topics which have made his name a household word among playgoers.

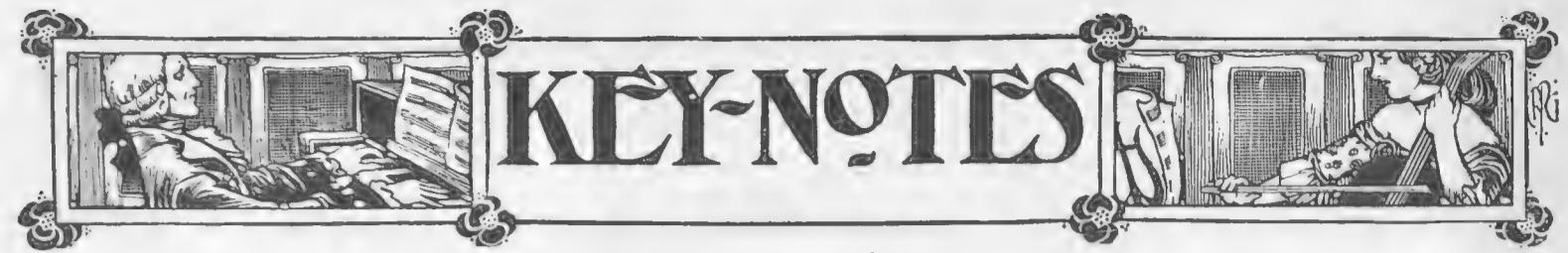
As we have a permanent German Theatre, it was as inevitable as it is desirable that we should also have a permanent French Theatre; and that, thanks to the genius of Madame Réjane and the managerial skill of Mr. Gaston Mayer, has at last materialised at the Royalty Theatre, in which so many great French artists have acted from time to time.

To-morrow evening the curtain will rise on the enterprise, to which everyone who cares about French dramatic art will extend the best wishes. The new directorate will take possession of an entirely redecorated and enlarged house, so that it will not only be possible for larger audiences to be accommodated, but for a greater measure of comfort to be bestowed on the individuals who make up those audiences.

The opening programme will be Pailleron's comedy in three acts, "La Souris," in which Madame Réjane and a distinguished company will appear. On Monday and Tuesday it will be succeeded by "Décoré," Mr. Owen Hall's English version of which, by a happy coincidence, will have been produced on the previous Saturday; while the rest of the week will be given up to "Heureuse," by MM. Hennequin and Bilhaud, and "La Rafale" by M. H. Bernstein, which has created such an extraordinary sensation in Paris.

It is long since any year has begun so hopefully or so busily as the present. Monday saw the production of "Two Naughty Boys" at the Gaiety; last night brought "The Jury of Fate" at the Shaftesbury; to-night is, as mentioned elsewhere, set apart for the Imperial; to-morrow the Royalty reopens, and on Saturday the Prince of Wales's. Altogether a decidedly busy week.

In accordance with his long-announced intention, Mr. George Edwardes will produce Mr. Owen Hall's adaptation of "Décoré" under the title of "The Little Cherub," the name by which it was originally called, although other names which have been suggested for it were "A London Actress" and "The Pet of the Public." It is no disparagement to her comrades—who include Miss Gabrielle Ray and Miss Zena Dare, Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. Lennox Pawle, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa—to say that Miss Evie Greene will be the bright particular star of the entertainment, for she has always enjoyed a distinct position among the artists of the musical comedy world. It will be remembered that another adaptation of the same play was done by Mr. Brookfield some years ago, and was produced by Mr. Hawtrey at the Avenue with the title of "The Cuckoo." The music of the comedy is by Mr. Ivan Caryll, whose industry, like his fund of melody, is extraordinary.



KEY-NOTES

MR. J. T. GREIN has made a very pointed, a very clever, and a very significant answer to Sir Edward Elgar's recent attack upon the drama. Mr. Grein points out that Sir Edward Elgar is without doubt the foremost composer of England, a matter which, one is glad to observe, men who are to a certain extent not in the inner circle of the musical world are ready to acknowledge. Mr. Grein added, however, that great men had their obligations, and should express themselves with great discretion, and also possibly with indulgence. Sir Edward Elgar, so he said, had declared that we had

in England no drama worth the name, and that acting was not understood as acting was understood in France and Germany. Mr. Grein evidently took a point of view which might recommend itself to the general public when he said that a Frenchman acted when he wrote a letter or ordered a cup of coffee. We, however, think that Sir Edward Elgar went beneath these superficial gestures which any foreigner may use, either in the writing of such a letter or

in the ordering of such a cup of coffee. The German, according to Mr. Grein, is also an actor by temperament, and he pointed out the difference between the temperamental acting of the German and the Frenchman.

Nevertheless, Sir Edward Elgar, although he has written magnificent works, works that rank with the greatest productions of musical genius, may possibly have mistaken the real point at issue between the outlook on life between nation and nation. On the other hand, it may be that he—we speak without any authority—is studying here and there in order to acquaint himself with different national characteristics for the writing of a possible opera. One may doubt if that opera will ever be written; for it is well known that Mendelssohn had, as the ultimate ambition of his life, the idea of writing a great opera, which, nevertheless, was never composed. Still, Elgar is made of somewhat sterner stuff than was Mendelssohn, and one has found that in the course of his musical career the thing which he resolved to do has usually been done. Elgar, then, should really be contented with his great success, and look forward to the fulfilment solely of his great ambitions; for our own part, we are entirely in sympathy with his point of view, but we perfectly understand that point of view which differs, in quite a reasonable way, from the attitude which he has taken towards the drama.

The music which Mr. J. M. Glover has provided for the new Drury Lane pantomime, "Cinderella," is rather more individual and somewhat less imitative than have been the scores which he has given to us during the past many years. His own personal contributions are full of vitality, tunefulness, and, above all, skill in the handling of the orchestra. Whether he goes gaily for the waltz, or tremulously treads with the polka, or indulges benignly in the schottische, he knows exactly how to take the public ear and how to make, in the common language of the street, "things hum." In two or three concerted pieces he proved his art very clearly and very genuinely; and, in a certain instance, in his introduction of a passage from Wagner's "Das Rheingold," his idea was, to anybody who understood, full of subtlety and, at the same time, marked his knowledge of Wagner. In a word, Mr. Glover has once more produced one of those fine pantomime scores for which he is now celebrated. Whatever may be said, and we really admire Mr. Glover's music, there is no question but that he hits the popular taste in no vulgar way, but rather skates over the thin ice of vulgarity, always

avoiding anything which is not right from the very best standpoint of pantomime music.

It would seem that Mozart's immortality, as predicted by Richter, and deeply understood by any careful critic long before Richter made what was imagined to be a momentous announcement, not only has a future before it, but also is distinguished by the most enthusiastic contemporary applause. "Don Giovanni" has just been given at Vienna with enormous success. If we remember aright, it was at Vienna that this masterpiece of the world was first produced in the presence of the Emperor of Austria. In the middle of the nineteenth century there were certain people who considered Mozart to be not quite modern enough for the new music which was then beginning to be propagated through the world. Time, however, seems to show that Mozart will remain for ever a modern musician, for ever—as one who seems to have embraced all the past and all the future within his own soul, to have belonged to no generation, but simply to have written for the human heart, which must for all time have the same ideals and the same ambitions before it.

Max Kalbeck is responsible for this reproduction; but it is somewhat of a pity that a new adaptation has been made of Da Ponte's old libretto, which, after all, was the book for which Mozart wrote. One has no patience with those pettifogging people who always desire to improve a masterpiece which, though it may have faults here and there, should be left quite alone and to be judged entirely by its own merits. For good or for evil, Da Ponte's work is associated eternally with Mozart's music. However beautiful may be some new



A CROWN FOR THE CONDUCTOR OF A CHOIR: THE SIGN OF MERIT THAT HAS SUPERSEDED THE SILVER-MOUNTED BATON USUALLY PRESENTED TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE WINNING CHOIR AT SINGING FESTIVALS AT CHESTER.

Chester has thrown aside the silver-mounted baton which it has been customary to present to the conductor of the winning choir at singing festivals in favour of the silver crown here illustrated. Mr. J. Charles Clarke was duly crowned when his choir from Southport gained the chief prize of £50 at Chester recently.

in the ordering of such a cup of coffee. The German, according to Mr. Grein, is also an actor by temperament, and he pointed out the difference between the temperamental acting of the German and the Frenchman.

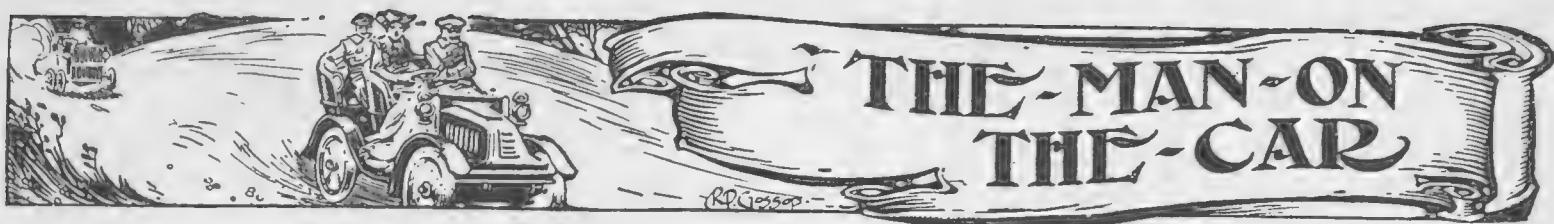


A £30,000 OFFER FOR THE TEMPORARY CONTROL OF A BOY VIOLINIST'S MUSICAL SERVICES: MISCHA ELMAN, WHOSE FATHER HAS REFUSED A CONTRACT OF £30,000 ON HIS SON'S BEHALF, AND HIS FAMILY.

Mischa Elman, who was born at Taloje, in Southern Russia, and is fourteen, is the son of a Jewish schoolmaster who risked his means of living by moving to Odessa in order to secure artistic training for his son. At that place Sarasate, Brodsky, Kubelik, and Auer heard the child-genius, and the Emperor, realising his great gifts, temporarily suspended the law which debars all Jews, except those native to the city, from entering St. Petersburg, in order that the boy might be given a free education at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire.—[Photograph by Perkoff.]

text written for that music, one must always remember that it was not the verse to which Mozart linked himself when he wrote "Don Giovanni." When a masterpiece is finished, it should be at once regarded as a matter which must never more be interfered with. Therefore we protest very vehemently against such a desecration as the separation of Da Ponte from Mozart, simply because a new poet declares that he can write the libretto better than did Da Ponte.

COMMON CHORD.



THE WIPING OUT OF THE GORDON BENNETT—THE NEW TOURIST TROPHY REGULATIONS—THE FUEL AND WEIGHT LIMITS—ENGINE FLEXIBILITY AND BODY STANDARDISATION—LAMPS AND SPEEDOMETER TRIALS—PARLIAMENTARY TESTS—SIX YORKSHIREMEN SOUND, ONE WOBBLY.

OUR good friends the French appear to have been successful in their efforts to wipe out the classic Gordon Bennett race because they were not permitted to enjoy therein about fifteen chances to any other country's one. Our own Club has been content to stand quietly by and see this competition snuffed out; but I marvel that the Italians, who came so near victory last summer, are willing to see themselves cut off from any further chance of meeting and beating France on equal terms. Good and bad luck have much to do with the results of competitions as full of chance as the Gordon Bennett, and but for bad luck of quite an unavoidable character Lancia on his F.I.A.T., and not Théry on his R.B., had proved the victor of the Auvergne course. But, apart from the action of France, one wonders at finding that somewhat eccentric sportsman, Mr. Gordon Bennett, submitting so tamely to the effacement of the event which has afforded him such world-wide fame.

The Tourist Trophy Regulations for 1906, as finally settled, unless the Club are shaken up yet again over the steam-car question, were given fully in the *Club Journal* of Dec. 21. The provisions which most interest the motoring public may be summarised here. The fuel is to be provided by the Club, and is to be petroleum spirit having a specific gravity of 0·695 to 0·705 at 60 deg. Fahr., distilled water being the standard unit at the same temperature. If this year's Isle of Man course is adopted, the allowance for both steam and petrol-cars is to be one gallon for every twenty-five miles to be covered. The weight of the chassis is not to be less than 11 cwt. 1 qr. 15 lb., accumulators, ignition apparatus, tyres on wheels, bonnet, empty tanks, and dashboard being included. The load on the chassis (exclusive of fuel, oil, and water, spare tyres, parts, baggage, and provisions) shall not be less than 10 cwt. 5 lb., and shall consist of the body, with mudguards and their stays, floor-boards, lamps, lamp-brackets, and steps, also the driver and one passenger, with ballast (not to exceed 300 lb.). The chassis is in all respects to be of the ordinary touring type, with minimum wheel-base of 8 ft. and wheel-gauge of 4 ft. Not more than four speeds, with reverse, are to be fitted.

In order to demonstrate the flexibility of the engine, it will have to be shown that the car can be driven for half a mile at twelve miles per hour on the top speed without clutch manipulation. I think this speed should be reduced by at least one-half. It will also have to be shown that the entered car can negotiate a one-in-six grade on her first speed from a standing start. In Regulation No. 17 it is provided that the body shall be of the proper standard touring type, and that the papier-maché, egg-box business shall not again obtain. Every car entered will have to be fitted with full tanks of a capacity and

Regulations for lamp and speedometer trials also appear in the issue of the *Club Journal* above referred to, but are of too varied a character to be dealt with in these columns. With regard to the lamps, the following points will be taken into consideration in making the awards: candle-power, time of burning with one charge



THE MOTOR-BOAT CLUB'S CLUB HOUSE: THE YACHT "ENCHANTRESS," FORMERLY USED BY THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

The "Enchantress" was sold out of the Navy recently, and is to be used as a club house by the Motor-Boat Club. She will be moored in Southampton Water.

Photograph by Cribb.

of reservoir, ease of manipulation, attachment of reservoir to lamp with regard to leakage, wick-manipulation and locking, non-tarnishing of reflector, quality of construction and attachment, general appearance and ease of cleaning, freedom from fracture of glass under atmospheric conditions, burning in high wind and when jolted on the road, condition of lamp after trial, price, means afforded driver of verifying illumination of tail-lamp, adaptability to illuminating number-plate. The lamps entered will be tested upon the cars used in the 4,000 miles tyre-tests, to commence in February next.

The speedometers are to be tried during the same test and on the tyre-running cars. All the instruments are to be fitted with a mileage recorder, and the points to be taken into consideration with regard to the awards will be accuracy, durability, the effect of reversing on the instrument, price, rapidity of response to variations of speed, simplicity of construction and attachment, steadiness of reading.

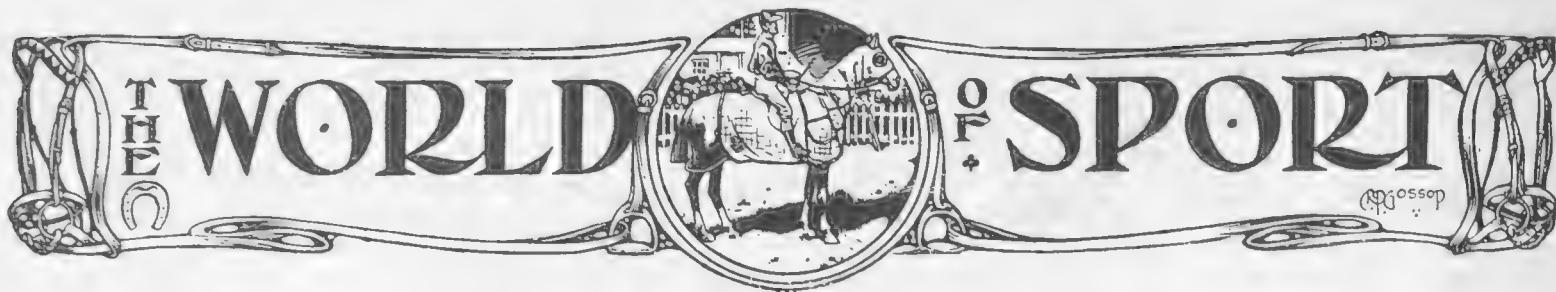
The Halifax Automobile Club have done what every club throughout the kingdom should do now without loss of time—that is, tackle the candidates for Parliamentary honours in their respective territories as to their views on the automobile legislation of the future. The H.A.C. have elicited from Mr. J. H. Whiteley, M.P., that he is not in favour of the imposition of an artificial speed-limit, except in certain specified danger zones; he considers that the present rather technical offences should be done away with, and driving to the danger of the public be made the charge for which a driver could be prosecuted. He is in favour of legislation to secure the lighting of all vehicles on public roads after dark, and would like to see the French system of national roads adopted in this country. Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., says he cannot make any definite promise. That means, undoubtedly, that Mr. Trevelyan is a motorphobist, and should not be supported by any automobilist in any way. Mr. J. S. Higham takes the view that the safety of the public should be the decisive point, and not a speed-limit, and that the lighting of vehicles should be universal and compulsory. Mr. Jas. Parker replied affirmatively to all the Club's questions, as did Mr. W. A. Simpson-Hinchliffe and Sir T. Brook-Hitchin. Sir Savile Crossley, M.P., is sound on all points, but desires to peruse the report of the Departmental Committee on Highways before pronouncing on the nationalisation of the roads.



AN ELECTRIC MULE: THE MACHINE USED TO HAUL CANAL-BOATS IN NEW YORK.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

description to be specified by the Club three months before the date upon which the competition will be held. It will be seen that, by the light of the regulations suggested above, the race for 1906 will go far to produce the perfect touring-car, which is the thing required.



THE WEATHERBYS—THE BOOKIES, THEIR CLOTHES AND THEIR VOICES—A PROFESSIONAL BACKER.

THE appearance of the entries for the Spring Handicaps reminds me that the old firm of Old Burlington Street—I refer to Messrs. Weatherby and Sons—have been busy collating and comparing, and will be busier still when the weights and, later on, the acceptances have to be given to the world. But entries and weights do not exhaust the work carried on at the head offices of racing. Assumed names, forfeits, jockey-fees, licenses to be issued, returns of racing to be verified, the compilation and publishing of the *Racing Calendar* are matters requiring the greatest care. Further, the Messrs. Weatherby are prepared to act as agents for owners. They are, as a matter of fact, bankers for many owners and for all the jockeys, so far as racing is concerned, while they act as stake-holders to the principal meetings and often buy and sell horses on commission. Homer seldom nods in Old Burlington Street, and I have discovered very few mistakes in dealing with the official sheet in my own business for the last thirty years. I did, some fifteen or more years back, have one funny bit of experience. The old firm sent me a printed order to the

ring, who travels to and from his house to his business either on a tasty motor-car or in a comfortable brougham, is very fond of laying outsiders, and his favourite cry is "Very long shots!" I need scarcely add that this is a tempting call to battle, and when the 20 to 1 chances are on top backers generally rally to it. The leading member of the firm of Alden Brothers is a very eloquent spouter, and he bets pluckily. He is fond of laying big sums—of course, taking care all the time to round his book if possible. He dresses somewhat after the style of a fashionable riding-master, and is partial to the heavy watch-guard and big diamond rings. "Glow-worm" is the wit of the ring. He has a voice that could easily be heard above the din of the whole ring. He is very popular with the masses, and often takes a basketful of silver at an Alexandra Park meeting. Joe Thompson, thickly muffled round the neck during the winter, looks the fine old country gentleman. He is popular with the nobility and gentry. One of the quietest men in the ring and one who does a big business is Mr. Slowburn. He has, I believe, a large connection among big City



THE DOCILITY OF THE WILD QUAGGA IN HARNESS: A TEAM OF BURCHELL'S ZEBRAS, CAPTURED BY MR. DE BRUIN, OF KALKBANK, DURING A RECENT HUNTING EXPEDITION.

With reference to the scene illustrated above, the "Zoutpansberg Review" says: "A curious sight was presented on Market Square on Saturday morning at the spectacle of a team of quagga, caught by Mr. de Bruin, of Kalkbank, during his recent hunting expedition in the Portuguese territory. The animals, which were of the breed known as Burchell's zebras (*Equus Burchelli*), were inspanned in a buck wagon with two donkeys as wheelers and another pair as leaders. The strange beasts seemed quite reconciled to their position and surroundings, and performed their allotted duty as draught animals satisfactorily. Mr. de Bruin had on the wagon the heads and horns of several buck he shot during his hunt, including those of an eland." The team is here shown at Pietersburg.—[Photograph by Mr. Kelly, Pietersburg.]

effect that "if I did not pay to them certain moneys for an entrance-fee forthwith, my name would go with the forfeit-list." I must say I felt a bit frightened, but as I had paid the money at scale, it did not worry me much. The sequel was somewhat remarkable, as the clerk of the course at fault had left his books in the country, while his clerks in London, in the absence of any data, passed through my alleged debt to Messrs. Weatherby, who, as a matter of course, made the demand. But this was amicably settled when the mistakes were explained. I had an even worse experience earlier. I bought a horse to oblige a man who wanted the money badly, and he came to me a few days later to tell me with bated breath that the animal was in the forfeit-list. To save any bother I paid the forfeit, and I often thought how lucky it was I did not enter him before the fine was put up.

The ways of the ring are interesting, if not always exhilarating. Different bookmakers have different methods of doing their work. Although it is no longer necessary for bookies doing business in Tattersall's Ring to get themselves up as guys, some members of the old firms don the large check pattern coats and the brown hats as of old. At many meetings it is only in the chief betting-ring that one sees the box-hat in evidence, unless Captain Piggott or Lord Coventry chances to be present. Yet at the first-class meetings, such as Ascot and Goodwood, the pencilers always don ordinary clothes and do not aspire to frock-coats and top-hats. What strikes one most in Tattersall's Ring is the different voices of the bookies. Mr. C. Hibbert shouts quietly; I mean, he has a weak voice, and his favourite call is "The field a hundred!" He bets pluckily and does a big business. Mr. Lance Logan, one of the best-dressed men in the

men and Army officers. He is very apologetic when he cannot oblige with a big bet because "it is all gone." Harry Hopkins, who owns a deal of valuable property down Molesey way, is another popular layer.

The late Mr. R. H. Fry once told me that there was but little to choose between the professional layer and the professional backer, and if there was an advantage it generally rested with the backer. In many cases, though not all, I believe this holds good to-day. One of the most successful backers of the last decade is Mr. Charles Hannam—"Charley," as he is termed by his friends. He is one of the finest-looking men to be seen on the Turf. A cool-headed North-countryman, quite capable of successfully weighing the pros and cons surrounding the most difficult Turf problems, Mr. Hannam enjoys the best of health, which from experience I should say in a very great measure accounts for his success. He is a good swimmer and a first-rate game and pigeon shot, and a very fine billiard, solo, and bridge player. Charley does not waste time on the course gorging pigeon-pie and guzzling champagne. I have only seen him imbibe champagne once, although on occasion I have seen him sucking a claret-cup through a straw. He affects a good cigar occasionally, the while he is figuring with figures. Mr. Hannam never speaks to a jockey on the racecourse, and he never receives a telegram. His favourite method of betting is to pick a little lot to beat the favourite, and he often comes off well. He is a Bradford man, and has lent big sums of money by debentures to the municipal authorities of his native town. He also has successfully dabbled in manufacturing in his own county.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WHEN that wise old man of Byzantium, St. John Chrysostom, likened men and women to clocks that were always running down and always wanting to be wound up, he uttered a truism that subsequent centuries have not disproved. Seldom, perhaps, has an old year waxed and waned to its final hour without our having thrown back regrets at things we might have done, words we might have left unsaid, unkind deeds committed. Never, let us hope, has a New Year chimed its stroke of arrival without vague stirrings of hope, of resolutions felt if unphrased, of intentions struggling for birth. It is well, perhaps, that a little pause should be taken as we pass these milestones on the way—a backward look, an onward hope, before the burden is shouldered and the forward trudge begun again. "Ring out the old, ring in the new," and let the chimes of Christmas set the rhythm of the outstretched highway—so might the future be more cheerily faced and the New Year be given a welcome of its own.

That the world is still young, notwithstanding its respectable age, one is pleasantly reminded by such occasional letters as the following—

DEAR AUNT SYBIL,—Thank you so much. The pantomime will be jolly. I will be at Paddington punshally if the train will. I got 3 books and a water-pistol from our Christmas Tree. The donkey harness from Uncle is ripping. I took a toss the first day and brused my shoulder, but not much. Father said he was overfed, but we all were rather last week. We've got an American boy staying here for the holidays. If you don't mind, I'd rather have money than chocolates, as I badly want a pennife, with 3 bliaids and a corkscrew.—Your affecshunate Nephew, TONY.

P.S. A happy New Year to you.

And may the phonetic Tony's wish find fulfilment for us all!

Now with regard to the immediate business of early January, I find even Bridge neglected by all the women of my acquaintance for sales. The bargain-hunting microbe is, in fact, abroad, and everybody is severely bitten thereby. A raging fever consumes even remotely placed country cousins, who hurry up to town, allured by the seductive,



[Copyright.]

THE SMARTNESS OF THE MOMENT.

the counter sold her the original article at half-a-guinea, being incompletely provided with a "range" of differently priced hosiery. One had therefore better take one's judgment to sales, generally speaking, for though firms in the first flight undoubtedly cheapen their wares to a very considerable extent; many others simply take advantage of a custom to dispose of their stocks to the credulous fair at a hardly appreciable reduction.

Tourists faring forth to Italy of the blue skies and pansy-eyed peasants will hear with upliftings of spirit that Neapolitan powers that be have at last laid the rapacities of the populace to heart, and in the interests of visitors are making much-needed changes of administration, one being that every hotel and museum, railway-station and other prominent building will be enriched from early morn till midnight with the services of a special "Bobby," who will furnish forth all information and assistance to strangers whenever necessary. Not too soon have these measures of reform been introduced, for assaults and robberies have become increasingly frequent in Naples of late. It has been positively dangerous to wear jewellery out of doors, while extortion of all kinds is practised to an extent that raises a protest even in Italy. I remember being asked five pounds for a string of coral beads purchased later in the day for twenty lire (16s. 8d. about) through the offices of a native servant, and so it is with all things Neapolitan. The lesson of recent robberies proves how unsafe it is, generally speaking, to take valuable jewellery abroad, while in view of the perfection to which the Parisian Diamond Company, for instance, has brought gem-setting a reason hardly exists for running such risks at all.

Amongst prevalent fashions in Paris the corded velvet and velveteen skirt figures forth largely. It is made short and very full; and worn with a short-basqued jacket to match, or with a fur coatee its effect is quite smart. At Peter Robinson's sale many of these pretty skirts are shown at exceedingly low prices.

Any excuse seems good enough for people who want to get down to Monte Carlo and the dear green tables. Last year, it was because



[Copyright.]

THE "UP-TO-DATE" COSTUME.

beautifully coloured catalogues, and buy recklessly for 29s. 11d. what they could have obtained for 30s. two days before. Not that there are not bargains to be had by using both discretion and discrimination—*cela va!*—but so many otherwise intelligent folk determine to buy, buy, buy at all costs, simply because January has come to town, that some traders find themselves constrained to oblige them, and accordingly do—at a price. We all know the tale of that good lady who prided herself on buying "the best of everything," and finding silk stockings at 5s. 6d. incompatible with her ideas, kept on asking the shopman if he had any better, until that astute knight of

the weather was detestable at home; this year because the weather is so exquisite out there. Anything serves, and meanwhile happy folk are revelling in the sunshine, and already the hotels are well patronised. It fills one with longing to see hats of the most summer-like nature and gowns of ethereal aspect going out to one's friends.



MISS STELLA GASTELLE, WHO IS PLAYING GANEM IN "THE FORTY THIEVES," AT THE MARLBOROUGH THEATRE, N.

Photograph by Auty, Ltd.

Only this week I was taken to inspect a white cloth tailor-made all inlet with point d'Irlande, which was placed in a trunk labelled "Monte Carlo," and with it a hat of ivory Leghorn miraculously beautiful in pale green velvet and many feathers to match. A handsome American brunette used to be called "The Pistachio" last year on the Riviera because she dressed chiefly in ivory and palest green. Geranium-red is a favourite on the Côte d'Azur. I hear also of a dress of scarlet mouseline, sparkling with ruby and jet embroideries, being much commented on, the owner, a wealthy Russian, wearing with it a long cloak of chiffon velvet flounced with Brussels rose-point, the lace reported to be worth two thousand pounds. With such intimate details do one's friends fill their letters in the intervals of planking on *carré cheval* and *transversal*.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ODDFELLOW.—Much would depend on your intimacy with the family. Where a gift of jewellery would not be permissible flowers or sweets might readily be so. But it really depends so much.

SYBIL.

Some Winter Bridals. Scotland will be well to the front in the earlier 1906 bridals. The Master of Sinclair, eldest son of the Peer of that name, will marry Miss Violet Murray in London before the end of January. Lady Alexandra Carrington, one of the Queen's prettiest god-daughters, is just engaged to Captain R. F. Grant, D.S.O., of the Rifle Brigade, and the marriage will, it is said, take place before Lent. Of interest to artists is the betrothal of Miss Mary Eastlake Leader, the daughter

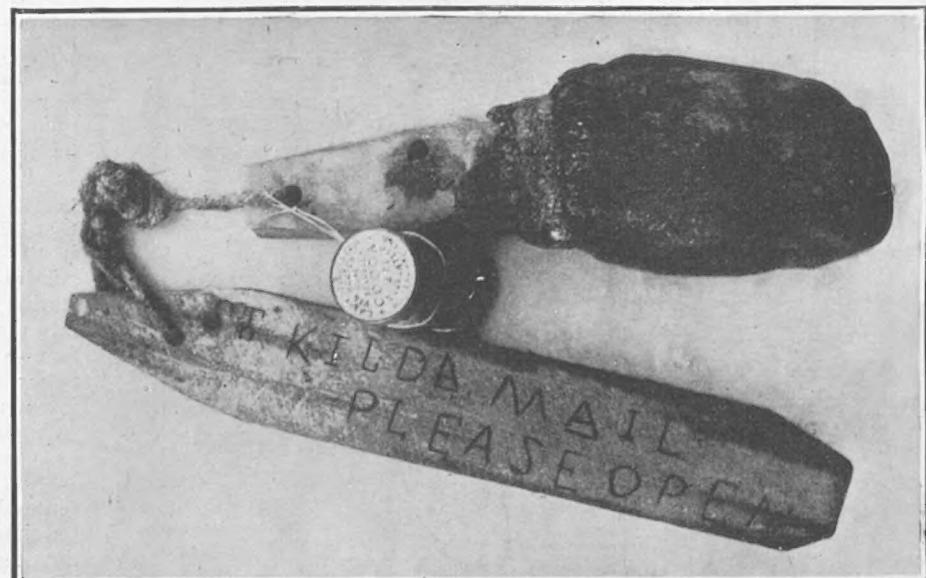


MISS TOPSY SINDEN, WHO IS PLAYING A SAILOR IN "BLUEBELL," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Photograph by Bassano.

of the popular Royal Academician, to Captain Tringham, D.S.O., of the 1st Queen's Regiment.

Prince, *Mikado*, All over the East, Prince Arthur of Connaught's visit to Japan will be followed with pride and *and Garter*. emotion. The Prince and his distinguished suite leave England next week (11th), bearing with them one of the finest stars ever worn by a Garter Knight. One cannot help wondering what the ruler of the Land of Flowers will make of the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Chivalry in the old sense of the word is essentially Western, and yet in the recent conflict between Russia and Japan the Mikado's troops showed themselves essentially chivalrous in their treatment of a fallen foe.



THE SEA AS A POSTMAN: THE ST. KILDA MAIL WHICH TOOK SIXTY-TWO DAYS TO DRIFT FROM ST. KILDA TO THE SHETLAND COAST.

So few mail-steamers visit St. Kilda that the inhabitants of the place frequently trust messages to the sea. The letters are packed in a tin can with cotton-wool covered with tarred canvas, and sewn with twine. An inflated sheepskin bag keeps the tin afloat, and a piece of wood bears the mark "St. Kilda Mail, please open." The postal packet illustrated was made up of a Van Houten's cocoa-tin containing two letters and eight postcards, with a shilling for postage. It was duly forwarded on its arrival at the Shetland coast.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 9, 1906.

MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

ALTHOUGH, as we write, all markets except Kaffirs are strong and hopeful, the last Bank Return is enough to make operators pause. The reserve is down to just over seventeen and a half millions, and, since it was made up, a further £460,000 has been taken for export. The Paris cheque is dangerously low, and there is a keen demand for gold in all the monetary centres.

In Home Rails the activity has been pronounced since the holidays, and the traffics justify the optimism. There is little doubt that the Heavy lines will all be able to improve on last year's dividends, and that the position, except in the case of the underground lines, is both hopeful and promising. In a short time the Baker Street and Waterloo Tube will be open for traffic, and we may then expect a determined effort by the promoters to unload. If our readers will be guided by our advice, they will leave the securities of this and the other North and South concerns alone—severely alone.

NORTH BROKEN HILLS.

The increasing output of the Broken Hill mines, and the great improvement in the value of that output, is attracting considerable attention, and there is no doubt that some of the Companies are earning very large profits, which will be still further augmented if the prices of the metals are maintained at anything like their present figure. Silver to-day is about 3d. per oz. more than it was a year ago; lead is quoted at £17 10s. per ton,

as compared with £12 15s. last year; and spelter at £28 12s. 6d. a ton, instead of £24 15s. The result is, in many cases, to double the profit per ton of ore treated, while the extraction of zinc from the tailings is providing a new source of revenue altogether. I will take as an instance the North Broken Hill Company, whose prospects appear to be as rosy as any of the group. This Company is at present treating about 2000 tons of ore weekly, and is making a profit of over £2,000 a week. This is not a matter of opinion, but a fact which can be ascertained by any shareholder who inquires at the office of the Company. This represents a profit of over £100,000 per annum, or 16s. per share on the paid-up capital of £130,000. But this is not all. Last summer an issue of new shares was made, producing £30,000, which is to be utilised in sinking a new main shaft to 1,000 feet—200 feet below the present bottom level—and in providing increased equipment which will enable the Company to deal with 3,500 tons weekly. At the time of the last report, the reserves of ore above the 800-feet level were estimated at 500,000 tons, and these should be

largely increased when the lower levels are opened up from the new shaft. Finally, the tailings are to be treated by the De Bavay process, and in the course of 1906 the profits from this source should begin to swell the revenue of the Company. It seems clear, on the whole, that large profits will continue to be earned for the present, and then, even with a material fall in the price of lead, the earnings would continue to be very considerable. In these circumstances it would not be surprising if a further advance were to occur in the price of the shares.

P.S.—I hear well of a new Company to be issued shortly, called the *Commonwealth Oil Corporation*.

The proposal for a new issue of capital by the *Industrial and General Trust* will presumably be ratified by the stockholders, but they should insist on having the new shares allotted to them at par, as even at par the return is no more than 5 8s.

AMERICANS AND MONEY.

For Americans to boom what time call-money in New York was said to be changing hands at 125 per cent. is a phenomenon that excites some wonder as to how far these tremendous rates are artificial and manipulated. One remembers that only a few weeks ago Yankees had a bad slumping fit when New York money went to something like 15 per cent., but now that this charge has been multiplied eight times over, the market is rampant. Chatting one day last week to a member of the Wall Street Stock Exchange, who is over here for a business holiday, we were informed that the stiff money-rates quoted in the newspapers were very little reliable guide. They are put in either for an interested object or else as a journalistic subject for marvel, and may possibly represent some transaction entirely outside the ordinary run of dealings. Then, too, the system of day-to-day contangoes which prevails in Wall Street renders it easy to quote money rates at almost anything the lender likes, if the borrower is not particularly safe. Even if he is of good credit, it matters little, speaking in comparison with our own bi-monthly settlements, whether

he pays ten or twenty per cent. for accommodation over a single night. The monetary scare which some people are endeavouring to raise in New York may, we think, be regarded more in the light of a spectacular demonstration than as a factor militating against the pronounced strength that follows every set-back in the Yankee Market.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

If not too late, may I add my own, Ladies and Gentlemen? They are brief, sincere withal, though hackneyed: "And a very Prosperous One!"

Much depends upon the General Election. For if the Radicals are returned, they are tolerably certain to try their hand at economy, and an Asquith Budget might do much to assist the quotation for the Funds. There is no reason why, under the Liberals, Consols should not advance to 93 or 94; but if the curious situation arises of the Unionists being given another majority, the spending departments are not at all likely to curb their highly successful efforts in the direction of extravagance. This may sound as though I am a strong supporter of the new Government, and, though my particular opinions naturally concern nobody else to the tune of a brace of pins, it may be as well to say that on some points my sympathies are with the Radicals, on others with the Conservatives—leaving Mr. Chamberlain and his policy on one side. Therefore it will be seen that in writing about either party, any views expressed in this small type are impartial, however foolish they may otherwise be.

People talk as though Sir Henry C.-B. were going to ruin South Africa by his refusal to allow any more Chinese importations at present. And incidentally, one is irresistibly led to the impression that, however the policy in regard to coolie labour may win working-men votes, the Prime Minister's declaration will cost him dearly amongst the great class of Kaffir shareholders scattered all over the country. Any stockbroker's correspondence during the past ten days would bear evidence of the sore feeling created in the bosoms of proprietors of Kaffir shares by Sir Henry's Albert Hall speech. There is an element of bitterness, of rancour, that seems surprising in view of the little damage which a temporary stoppage—it is not likely to prove more than that—of coolies' landing will involve. A special pleader might very easily show that this check would be to the advantage rather than otherwise of the Kaffir mines, and therefore of the market; but special pleading does not happen to be my *métier*, and I therefore leave it to others better qualified. Nevertheless, it is ridiculous nonsense to say that Kaffirs are flat at this particular time entirely on Campbell-Bannerman. One has only to remember how the big houses have played the market during the past year for their own ends to wonder whether this last fall is entirely due to public realisations. Towards the end of November various dividend payments began to be rumoured. A few distributions were announced, and the market hardened up somewhat as outsiders began to give assistance. Then more dividends appeared, and instead of prices improving, down they fell. Why? Simply because the importation of coolies is to be checked at a time when there are quite enough as it is to manage peaceably? Not a bit of it. Prices fell, largely because the big houses who had been acting upon early information of dividends came in sellers as soon as they found that people did



1906: A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

Miss Sketch to the Markets: "Gentlemen, may there be better times to come."

not respond to the payments. The Kaffir Circus is run for the benefit of the insiders, and its methods are worthy to rank alongside some of the most notorious practices connected with West Australian mining.

In other words, Kaffirs will not be affected to the extent of an eighth—intrinsically—even if the Radicals are returned to power.

By the way, I hear that Anglo-Transvaal Mines are the things to buy. They tell me that Mr. Abe Bailey is greatly interested in the thing, so those people who made money out of Bankets—you need not all hide your faces—may like to try their luck with this other property, the shares in which can be picked up at a few shillings. Several out-of-the-way things are coming to the fore, but the shares "introduced" to a market appear to have a strange propensity to dry up on a sudden. There are Djebel Charras, the shares in the Tunis mine that were put up to over 2, dropped to 30s., and now stand at about five-and-thirty shillings. I believe the Company has an exceedingly good chance, but, of course, its future is very speculative. Egyptian mines are about as animate as mummies, and likely to remain so until more work has been done on the various properties. The boom in copper is responsible for the appearance of several things which have been moribund for some time past. Lloyd Coppers touched 10s., and Famatinas went sharply ahead. A sapient client told me the other day that the "time will come when it will be right to sell a bear of Anacondas." The time will come. Quite so.

Some ten days hence the new Liberal daily, *The Tribune*, is due to be launched. May one offer a cordial welcome to the new City Editor, Mr. F. T. Hearst, whose work will be all the more keenly watched because he has escaped the apprenticeship in City Editorial offices that stamps the style of its victims with the arid dryness so familiar to all of us condemned to read money articles in certain daily papers.

They say that a City man sold his soul to the Devil One in consideration of the latter giving him all he wanted for ten years. As the period drew to its close, the seller, after having had a capital time all round, began to repent of his bargain, and wrote to the Devil One, asking on what terms he might obtain return of the original agreement. But the Devil hugged his own, and declined to part. Then the man got angry, and determined to "go it." So he gave the most luxurious entertainments that he could possibly imagine to his relations, friends, acquaintances, and so forth. But the Devil paid up like a man. Then he went to Monte Carlo, but again the Devil provided all the needful. Then he began to gamble on the Stock Exchange, and, by taking the advice of every broker and jobber he met, he lost tons of money. But the Devil cheerfully honoured all his cheques on pay-day. After

this, the man grew somewhat nervous, especially as the time for fulfilling his own part of the agreement drew near. For days and nights he wandered round London, seeking some means by which he might save his soul. One night a sudden inspiration occurred to him, and, springing out of bed, he seized pen and paper. He wrote this—

DEAR SIR,—Kindly note that I have decided to start a new Daily Paper in London.—Yours faithfully,

—despatching it by the first post. Within a couple of hours there arrived by express delivery a black envelope, addressed in letters of red. It contained the agreement, accompanied by a message that thrilled the man's heart with the joy of newly recovered life. But it was no fit message to be repeated by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Dec. 30, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. H.—The Company you name is an Argentine one, and we have not been able to obtain any price here. You might try a Manchester broker.

K. M. H.—Your letter was answered on the 28th ultimo.

Dr. J. H.—Thanks for the Christmas card.

BANGKOK.—It is very difficult to advise you, because in the time between writing the answer and your instructions reaching London many things may happen. It is only

possible to recommend things which do not fluctuate much. Buy (1) Transandine A Debentures, paying 4 per cent; (2) Villa Maria and Ruhno Railway Preference; (3) Premier Diamond Preference.

E.C.R.—The Egyptian shares have fallen because a well known bucket-shop has turned seller, and the market cannot absorb the shares, and also because Um Rus is not looking over well. Mining is so out of fashion that we hesitate to advise purchase of more shares or of any Jungles. You could do better with your money in industrials or even Broken Hill shares. See "Q.'s" note.

M.C.D.—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5. Messrs. Nathan Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., will deal in Paris Bonds at close prices for you, and are reliable.

ERIN.—We cannot see the advantage of buying Kaffirs just now, especially after the present Government's declaration as to Chinese labour.

IVAN.—We should hold on. The people connected with the Company profess to think that the shares are sure to go better; but then, they would be less than human if they were not sanguine.

A. E. P.—We will ask "Q" to write us a note on the Company, but we do not remember his promising to do so.

MAISIE.—Not a bad speculation. Esperanza we prefer.

E. M. T.—The shares are very high; but the traffics are good. The accounts are made up to June 30 and presented in September. The shares were ex-dividend on the 28th of July last.

A. E. W.—Your letter was answered on the 30th.

J. P.—The shares are not the sort of thing for a widow lady. No. 1 are saleable at 1 $\frac{1}{4}$. No. 2. These are one-shilling shares. We doubt if you can sell. The Company is an off-shoot of No. 1.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

An unpretentious programme has been issued for the Gatwick Meeting, and runners may not be over-plentiful. I like Mansvelt for the Reigate Hurdle Race; St. Moritz should win the Horley Hurdle Race; and Craggy ought to capture the Timberham Hurdle Race. Royal Blaze has a chance in the Purley Steeplechase, and Witney looks good for the Crawley Steeplechase. For the Maiden Hurdle Race, on the second day, I am told Capresi, who jumps well, should go close. Pure Glass may win the Earlswood Hurdle Race, and Borderer II. ought to capture the Grange Steeplechase. For the Manor Steeplechase I like the Laird. The Royal Windsor Meeting should prove a big draw. John M.P., if started, should win the Eton Hurdle Race. Jack Spratt may win the Mill Marden Hurdle Race, and the Lawyer III. may win the Datchet Steeplechase. I shall select Questionable for the Castle Steeplechase, and Sea Gal for the Englefield Hurdle Race.

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